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## THE DIARY OF A PRIVATE SOLDIER IN THE PENINSULAR WAR.

[THE following is copied literally from the original Diary kept by Private John Timewell, of the 43rd Light Infantry, during the campaigns in the Peninsula between 1809 and 1814. Some necessary alterations have been made in the punctuation (or rather lack of punctuation) and in the spelling, except in the case of the names of places, which have been spelled throughout as Timewell wrote them; it has been thought prudent, however, in these instances to supply an interpretation, which the reader will not perhaps be disposed to call superfluous.

The Diary is written in a small book measuring about six inches by four, and containing fifty-six pages, stitched into a parchment cover, superscribed, *1st Batta., 43rd, Capt. Sherwin's Company, No. 6. Privt. Jno. Tymon, his Book*. Two-thirds of the diary are devoted to the Peninsular War, the remainder containing a description of the disastrous campaign of New Orleans in 1814, in which the 43rd Light Infantry took part.

John Timewell was born in 1782, and the first document relating to his career which has come into my possession is his baptismal certificate, whereby it appears that he was the son of Joan Timewell, and was baptised in Milverton Church, Somerset, on October 10th, 1782. Mrs. Timewell, according to a note made on one of the papers sent to me, lived to the ripe age of one hundred and four, whereas her son died when only sixty-eight "through the hardships he underwent, not in bed for seven years."

Timewell enlisted in the 43rd Light Infantry, some time in 1802-3, under the name of *Tymon*; and he is thus described in his Chelsea documents, although he himself signs his name as *Timon*.

The Diary, as a whole, is extremely accurate, both as regards dates and the facts narrated. Exception, however, must be taken to his statements of losses in the various battles he took part in; these he takes especial pleasure in giving with the utmost precision to the last unit, even in cases where Napier has guardedly contented himself with the averment that they must have amounted to "close on a thousand," or "about three thousand." His reasons for some of the Great Duke's most profound strategical dispositions afford interesting examples of the way in which the men in the ranks endeavour to account for their marches and countermarches. These reasons, as well as the somewhat startling orders he chronicles as having been received from time to time, will of course not be taken any more seriously than his severe aspersions on the conduct of several gallant regiments.

The Diary begins in 1809 with an account of the famous forced march of the Light Division to Talavera, followed in 1810 by the Combat of the Coa and subsequent retreat to Portugal.

The gallant attempt of the French to storm the heights of Busaco, and the overwhelming charge of Craufurd's Division, so magnificently described by Napier, are recounted by Timewell in words which give a good idea of the share of the Light Division in the fight, and of a private soldier's impressions of the supreme moment when, in the words of Napier, "a horrid shout startled the French column, and eighteen hundred British bayonets went sparkling over the brow of the hill."

Then follow the retreat to the lines of Torres Vedras and Massena's fruitless attempt to force them. The campaign

of 1811 is given in detail with the various sharp fights which marked Massena's retreat, commencing with Pombal (styled Bumball by our friend).

The success of the British arms at the memorable battle of Fuentes d'Onor is, quaintly enough, ascribed by Timewell to the fact that "God was King that day."

The campaign of 1812 comes next with the storming of Ciudad Rodrigo, and I question whether any more fitting epitaph on the heroic Craufurd, or one more descriptive of the feelings of the Light Division for their stern chief, has been written than by this private soldier: "We lost our noble General Craufurd, who was afraid of no French man."

The storming of Badajos evidently made a great impression on Timewell, and he speaks feelingly of the "amends for the sufferings of the dreadful night" which they experienced by sacking the unfortunate town, into which "they rushed like lions—*sparing nothing*."

The portion of the Diary dealing with the manœuvring about Salamanca is somewhat involved, and it is evident that the incessant marching and counter-marching of that period was too much for Private Timewell; he, however, recovers himself at Madrid, although his reasons for Lord Wellington's retreat from that place will probably be new to most students of military history.

In the campaign of 1813 he is very much to the front again, and describes with enthusiasm the loot which fell into the soldiers' hands after Vittoria, and how they took "Napoleon's Lady" (!) and were "very near taking Nap [presumably King Joseph] himself"! His description of the fighting in the Pyrenees is rather difficult to follow, and due allowance may be made for this, considering what wild work it was. Timewell, however, seems to have shared in the two combats of Vera, and in the passages of the Bidassoa, Nivelle, and Nive, winding up with the action of Tarbes and the battle of Toulouse; soon after which the army received the "joyful news of peace."]

#### JOHN TIMON'S PASSAGES THROUGH THE CONTINENT.

WE received orders to march from Colchester to Harrige (Harwich) on the first day of June, 1809, and embarked for Lisbon with a fair and

prosperous gale; nothing extra during the passage.

We landed on the 3rd July at Santarane (Santarem), eight leagues from Lisbon, and remained there for three days, when we got orders for to advance to Castle a Brank (Castello

Branco). Forced march from that [place] to Talavera the Light in Spain. Fifteen leagues Division, we marched in twenty-four 28th-9th hours, which is sixty English miles, and never a drop of

water all the way, only a hole we spied in a field about twelve at night. We drank it very hearty; when daylight appeared there was all sorts of dead animals in the same hole and [the water] as white as milk.

We arrived at Talavera on the 29th July, but the battle was over. Then we were ordered on duty as piquet, and remained several days till they could bury the dead, and of wounded there was a great number. The dead bodies was gathered in great heaps and burned, for the smell was so great that no soldier could stand it.

The forces of the enemy being so superior to ours, and for want of provisions, we were forced to retreat, and had no provisions, to a place they called Lascases (Las Casas), in Portungale (Portugal), and [there] we remained for seven days. The price of 3 lbs. of bread at this place was 4s. 6d.; we had 2 lbs. of beef for three men for one day, without salt, and nothing else.

Then we got orders to march as quick as possible, for the enemy was almost surrounding us, to a place they call Castell De Vido (Castello Vido), sometimes receiving rations and sometimes none, hundreds dying on the road for want. We would get 2 oz. of wheat, 2 oz. of peas, 1 oz. of rice, 2 oz. of beans, and was happy when we got that small allowance.

We retreated from that to Camp

Mayo (Campo Mayor), and remained there for eleven weeks, very comfortable; we got our rations very regular.

Then our route came on the 9th May, and we marched down all Portugale (Portugal), to a place they call Almeida (Almeida), a garrison town, and encamped about a quarter of a mile from the same.

On the 23rd July, 1810, and when night came on, it began the most terrible rain and thunder that I think ever came from the heavens, and having no tents, nothing but the open fields, next morning we were most pitiful creatures to be seen, all running [with] wet. We fell in to be mustered on the plain, and had mustered two companies when orders came

Combat of that twenty thousand of the the Coa, French were just at hand 24th July, and was making for the 1810.

bridge. Then we made all speed to get there before them, their shot coming as hail from their small-arms, and our force was only the 43rd, 52nd, 95th, and the 1st and 3rd Casidores (Caçadores) of the Portuguese. We fought from five in the morning to six in the afternoon; they charged the Brigade three times, but was always repulsed with a great loss.

We lost our Colonel, Hull, and 11 officers, 276 men killed and 96 wounded of the 43rd, and the other regiments was equal [in their losses]; the French lost about 1,500.<sup>1</sup> You may think [of] our condition after the horrid night, and then was obliged to retire all night to Castenia (Castanheira), and there we destroyed all our stores to hinder them to fall into the hands of the enemy. We still continued our retreat to a place they called Mount Saca (Busaco). Then the French came down on us in great numbers not knowing that Lord Wellington had any great number of

troops, but they were greatly mistaken.

Battle of Busaco, 27th Sep-tember, 1810. On the 27th September, 1810, we formed our lines for battle, which reached four leagues, that is, sixteen miles, and then the 95th regi-

ment<sup>1</sup> was sent out to scrimmage (skirmish), and our British cannons roaring like thunder. Dreadful was the slaughter made among the French, when our British heroes gave them a charge, they fell as thick as hail; we drove them from our guns down a large hill into their own lines in great confusion, many thousands lying behind.

This engagement held for two days, the loss of the French was 6,430 [and] of the British 4,729.<sup>2</sup> But the next morning, the French getting round our right flank, for their number was three to one, we [were] forced to retreat to Alenca (Alemquer). It being a very foggy day, they came on us when we were cooking, and [we] had to leave all behind us, and they took a great number of us prisoners. We had to be on the run all that night, forcing the inhabitants to fly with us, to hinder them to give the French provisions, and many a brave soldier [was] walking half dressed, not having time to put them on.

This retreat was to Ruda (Arruda) heights. This mountain we of Torres remained on encamped for Vedras, six weeks, and it reaches 1810.

from the river Tegas (Tagus) to the sea, where we made strong works [so] that all the force of the French could not hurt us, though they tried several times, but all was in vain.

But on account of an order from Lord Wellington to the inhabitants to leave their houses, the French was forced to retreat for want of rations as far as Santaran (Santarem). The

<sup>1</sup> Now the Rifle Brigade.

<sup>2</sup> Allies' loss, 1,300; French 4,500. — Napier.

intelligence of the French [retreat] came to Lord Wellington in the close of the evening of the 3rd October, 1810. Then we followed them to Santarem, they getting the bridge before us and planting heavy guns to hinder us to cross, and to ford it was impossible.

Then we were told off to cantonments at the Quinta for two months, planting strong outlying piquets every morning, two hours before daylight, them at one end of the bridge and us at the other.

Provisions began to be hard with the French and they were forced to retire, no inhabitants to give them any relief, and leaving on the bridge a straw sentry about the hour of twelve at night. Our sentries soon found it out and made the alarm; then immediately the blockading of the bridge was cleared off and us after them.

We found in their houses, as we passed through, horses hanging up, dressed as same as bullocks for their victuals, and Indian corn made in porridge.

We followed as far as the plains of Bumball (Pombal) where they were ready to receive the British; but as soon as the English steel made among them, off they went like deers, leaving many thousands behind both killed and wounded, besides a great number of ammunition-wagons and guns.

In two days' time we fell in with them again on the plains of Conditia (Condeixa) in the morning, and before evening [we] took 3,000 prisoners and a great number of officers' baggage. The plain next morning was covered with English and French soldiers, stripped naked, some not dead.

We still pursuing them as far as Savagal (Sabugal), 3rd April, 1811, in the morning at five we crossed a large river [the Coa]. Then they opened the fire from their guns on us; but we advanced through smoke and fire up the hill, and in forty-five minutes was in the French lines. In spite of all their shot and shell we charged their cannon three times. The first time the 43rd Light Infantry had the honour to take two guns, one howitzer, but with a great loss.

The enemy's wounded that lay on the ground they burned before they would let them fall in the hands of the Portuguese. The number [that] engaged us that day was 21,000, and our Division, that is, the 43rd, 52nd, 95th, two Portuguese regiments, Captain Ross's Flying Artillery, and King's 1st German Light Dragoons, all only mounted to 7,000 men; and those 21,000 men was the rearguard of the French army that could not get out of the way. The loss of the French that day was 3,000 killed and wounded, 2,000 prisoners and many mules of officers' baggage. Our loss was very great, out of only a handful, 2,099 rank and file, 27 sergeants and 15 officers.<sup>1</sup>

Then they made to a garrison town in Spain, the name of Roderigo (Ciudad Rodrigo). Leaving 2,000 to keep the garrison of Almeda till the rest could get away, there we halted for ten days. Then the whole of the French joined, which consisted of 150,000. Coming early one morning on us in camp, and our whole strength of British and Portuguese was only 80,000, [they] drove us out of our camp and we went as far as Fountis De Nor (Fuentes d'Onor).

<sup>1</sup> British loss, 200; French, 1,500.—*Napier.*



Then Lord Wellington formed his lines for battle. We then began on the 2nd of May in the morning, very hot on both sides from daylight to dark at night. Then they and us drew back to daylight and morning. But God was King that day! We totally defeated them; the plains was horrid to see, covered with killed and wounded, them crying for mercy from the Portuguese. They lost that day 4,000 killed in the field, 1,520 wounded, and 500 prisoners. The British and Portuguese loss was 3,600 killed and wounded.<sup>1</sup> They retreated in great confusion, not being able to accomplish the design of releasing them out of the garrison town of Roderigo.

About three nights after the engagement there was two strong regiments sent to watch them from getting out [of Almeida], the 4th, or King's, and 2nd, or Queen's, Regiment; and through neglect of those two regiments the French made their escape [by] the crossing at Barbry Pork (Barba del Puerco) where their main body lay. A great number was drowned, and a great number of prisoners was taken that missed their way. The Colonel of the 4th, or King's Own, shot himself; the Colonel of the 2nd, or Queen's, resigned his commission on account of the neglect of their regiments.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Allies' loss, 1,500; French near 5,000, of which 300 were prisoners.—*Napier*.

<sup>2</sup> In the diary of an officer of my regiment, which I have by me, the following account of this unfortunate business occurs. "The French could never have escaped had it not been for an accident in Sir William Erskine not sending an order in time to Colonel Bevan, which caused him to be too late at Barba del Puerco with his regiment. Poor Bevan was censured by Lord Wellington, which circumstance preyed so much on his mind, knowing that he had done his duty, that he blew his brains out. The order alluded to was sent from Head Quarters by Lord Wellington's direction,

Siege of Ciudad Rodrigo, January, 1812.

Then we advanced as far as Roderigo to begin the siege. On the night of the 7th of January [we] begun the works, the weather being very cold with frost and snow. We had to cross a river every morning up to our middle, the ice fit to cut us in two, and remain working in that condition for twelve hours under the heavy shot from the town, where many a brave soldier was killed.

On the 19th January the Light and 4th Divisions had orders to be in readiness at the hour of nine o'clock at night for the storming of the town. We begun the assault, and made the town in two hours, but with great slaughter. The elements appeared to be on fire for that time from their guns. We entered like lions, took 1,500 prisoners, and had orders to kill man, woman and child, but the English is more generous.<sup>1</sup>

We lost our noble General Crawford (Craufurd) who was afraid of no French man.

The 43rd Regiment lost in that two hours eight officers, 255 killed, 109 wounded, and all other regiments nearly the same.

We halted in a small village, two leagues from the town, for eight days. Then we received orders to march for another garrison in Spain, about two hundred miles, the name is Badahos

and Sir William Erskine forgot to forward it, and literally, after the business was over, found the document in his pocket." The following squib was current in the Light Division at the time:

The Lion went to sleep,  
And the Lambs were at play;  
The Eagle spread his wings,  
And from Almeida flew away.

The crest of the 4th Regiment is a lion, and of the 2nd a lamb.

<sup>1</sup> Private Timewell, it is hardly necessary to say, must have evolved these "orders" out of his own imagination, or have derived them from his comrades.

(Badajoz), and had several skirmishes with them on the way.

At length we arrived on the ground, and on the 16th March, 1812, had orders for another siege; and on the 17th, at night, the Light Division opened the ground in front of the garrison, under heavy fire from their guns; and we ended the works on the 5th April, all this time under the fire of their heavy guns. And many a brave soldier fell at those works.

On the 6th, at the hour of nine at night, the 3rd, 4th, 5th and Light Divisions received orders for the storming. It then began Storming of Bada- the storming. It then began  
joz, 6th and held to two in the morn-  
April, 1812 ing. We were beat back twice, but the third time made it good, but with a great slaughter. We lost our noble Colonel McCloud (Macleod), which every soldier much lamented his loss, for he was a father to them, besides 14 officers, 10 serjeants, 425 killed and wounded, in the 43rd Regiment.<sup>1</sup> The elements appeared in flames; during that time it was the Providence of God that any man escaped that dreadful siege.

The next morning it was a most dismal sight to behold, some wanting legs, some arms and heads, some drowned; and to hear the cries of those brave soldiers for a drop of water, it would have melted the heart [of] stone.

Then Lord Wellington give orders for every soldier to have four hours' plunder in the town.<sup>2</sup> They rushed in like lions, sparing nothing before them, and took money, clothes, victuals and

drink, which made them amends for the sufferings of the dreadful night.

The prisoners we took in the town was 2,530; and the loss of the British and Portuguese that night was 3,790, besides what fell in the works.

We halted for a few days to bury the dead and remove the wounded, then came [on] as far as Campmao (Campo Mayor). [We] remained there one night; next morning [we] begun our march down Portugale (Portugal) and they advanced after us to Salamanca with their whole forces.

Then we received orders to cross the river (Tormes) and to attack two forts [Forts San Vincente and San Cajetano] that was in the town, but the fortification they had made we could not touch it; but we starved them out.

Then we advanced to Rueda, within eight leagues of Madrid.<sup>1</sup> There the enemy received a reinforcement; on account of the Spaniards giving way we were obliged to retire, on account of superior numbers and turning our right flank. We made a halt for a few minutes to get a little water, the road being so very dusty and the weather so warm that the men were almost choked; but the enemy coming so rapid down, we could not get a single drop, which caused a number of prisoners to be taken.

We had an engagement at Fraka Combat of (Castrejon), but could not Castrejon, do any good. The 11th near Rueda, Light Dragoons was ordered 18th July, to make a charge, but them 1812. failing, Lord Wellington and his whole staff was forced to fight themselves.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The 43rd and 52nd alone lost more men than the seven regiments of the Third Division (about 600).—*Napier*.

<sup>2</sup> Another of Private Timewell's imaginary "orders." Unfortunately the sacking of Badajoz lasted for two days and two nights, despite the fact that (in the words of Napier) "hundreds risked and many lost their lives in striving to stop violence."

<sup>1</sup> Over eighty miles from Madrid, and about twenty from Valladolid which is probably meant.

<sup>2</sup> This incident, mentioned by Napier, is vividly described by Sir John Kincaid (in his *ADVENTURES IN THE RIFLE BRIGADE*), who was a subaltern in charge of a piquet of the 95th Rifles at the very spot where it

We then retired as far as Salamanca and lay there for a few days. Then we received orders on 18th June

(22nd July) for a general engagement, which begun about five in the morning and 22nd July, held till setting sun. There 1812.

the brave Wellington gave them a total defeat. In the evening the Light Division was ordered to pursue a heavy column to daylight, but could not fall in with them. The remainder of the French was all this time on the retreat; the total loss of the French

took place. "All at once there arose, behind the rising ground to my left, a yell of most terrific import . . . and seeing a broad deep ditch within a hundred yards, I lost no time in placing it between my piquet and the extraordinary sound. I had scarcely effected this movement, when Lord Wellington with his staff, and a cloud of French and English dragoons and Horse-Artillery intermixed, came over the hill at full cry, and all hammering at one another's heads in one confused mass, over the very ground I had that instant quitted. It appeared that his lordship had gone there to reconnoitre, covered by two guns and two squadrons of cavalry, who, by some accident, were surprised, and charged by a superior body of the enemy and sent tumbling in on us in the manner described. A piquet of the 43rd had formed on our right, and we were obliged to remain passive spectators of such an extraordinary scene going on within a few yards of us, as we could not fire without an equal chance of shooting some of our own side. Lord Wellington and his staff, with the two guns, took shelter for a moment behind us, while the cavalry went sweeping along our front, where, I suppose, they picked up some reinforcement, for they returned, almost instantly, in the same confused mass, but the French were now the flyers. . . . I was highly interested, all this time, in observing the distinguished characters which this unlooked-for *turn-up* had assembled around us. Marshal Beresford and the greater part of the staff remained with their swords drawn, and the Duke himself did not look more than half pleased, while he silently despatched some of them with orders. General Alten, with his huge German orderly dragoon, with his swords drawn, cursed the whole time to a very large amount, but as it was in German I had not the full benefit of it." In all probability, Private Timewell was one of the 43rd piquet mentioned by Kincaid.

that day was 21,000 killed and taken prisoners. The loss to the British, Portuguese and Spaniards was 11,000 killed, 2,213 wounded.<sup>1</sup>

Then fresh orders was for us to advance again as far as Madrid, where we lay for four months and the French retired to Burgos (Burgos) for their winter quarters.

Then we received orders to advance to Burgos Castle to take it by storm, but before we reached there, the French blew it up, which was good news for us. Then we were forced to retire by the misconduct of the Guards selling their ammunition and the Spaniards giving way.<sup>2</sup> We retired as far as Tammás (Alba de Tormes); there we encamped that night in a large wood and very swampy ground. Early next morning, the enemy coming on so rapid, we were forced to retire in square for three miles to resist their cavalry, rushing out of the wood on us in heavy columns. But in a short [time] their infantry and artillery ap-

peared as motes in the sun. Combat on the Huebra, near San Munoz, 17th November, 1812. They drove us down a very steep hill, their guns playing on us all the time, and at the bottom of the hill there was two large rivers to cross. We forded them up to [the] middle in very cold weather and remained all night in that deplorable condition, and not a morsel to put in our mouths, only the

<sup>1</sup> French loss in operations about Salamanca, 12,500; Allies' loss, 6,000.—*Napier*.

<sup>2</sup> A curious example of the extraordinary rumours which obtain credence among the rank and file of an army in the field. As a matter of fact, Wellington's line of communications being threatened, he was forced to raise the siege of Burgos and retreat "after five assaults, several sallies, and thirty-three days' investment, during which the besiegers lost more than two thousand men."—*Napier*. No one will need to be told that the "misconduct of the Guards" is another invention; but it is a good example of the reasons assigned by soldiers for strategic operations.

ack corns (acorns) we gathered from the trees. They took most of our sick and several women prisoners. We had two officers wounded, four men killed, and the 20th Regiment of Portuguese was mostly all taken, not being [able] to keep up for want of provisions; this was five days wanting bread. Then early next morning we marched to Roderigo (along) most cruel roads, over ploughed fields up to our middle in dirt, barefooted and hungry bellies; you may judge our condition.

When we came to Roderigo, we had a day's biscuit; it was a glorious sight after being so long wanting. Here the French came no farther. Then we went to a town two leagues farther; the name is Galagus (Gallegos). Remained there six months, very comfortable.

On the 20th May, 1813, the whole of the British got orders to advance, and on the 21st, in the morning, marched, falling in with the enemy very often and having a few scrimages; but on the 20th of June we came to Vitoria (Vittoria) and in the morning of the 21st about four o'clock begun the action.

They had 190 pieces of cannon playing on us. Tremendous was the fire from their guns and musketry; the elements appeared in smoke and fire. We took Napoleon's Lady and all her equipage, and were very near taking Nap. himself, two of our dragoons riding up to him; but he was rescued by a squadron of the French, who got him away.<sup>1</sup>

This battle held from four in the morning till setting sun, the longest day in all the year. We took six waggons of money, forty of shoes and all the provisions they had for 250,000

men, clothing, officers' baggage, and other stores, besides 190 pieces of cannon.

Most horrid it was to be seen next morning, the plains covered with killed and wounded of both sides, both man and horse. The loss of the French was computed 9,716 killed, 6,019 wounded, and 17,000 prisoners.<sup>1</sup>

That was a glorious day, and gave them a fatal blow which made these take to the mountains like so many goats, without arms or accoutrements. They left in Pampeloney (Pampeluna) 10,000, the rest made good their retreat to the Pyrenees mountains.

Then the [soldiers] left in Pampeloney was forced to kill the cavalry horses for [want] of provisions, thinking they would be set free, which the French [tried] several times but never could succeed. They gave themselves up prisoners of war; the loss of the French at Vitoria (Vittoria) was 42,776.

We received orders to advance to the mountains after them; these mountains goes by the river Vera. The British encamped on one side and them on the other; they kept there for three days, but we routed them with a great loss. They made then to the highest mountain in Urup (Europe) which goes by the name Laron (L'Arrhune). There they made strong works, and us finding outlying piquets every day in it. I never suffered so much cold and hardships as was there; nothing to shelter us from the cold, Second and being so very high. Combat of Here we stopped six weeks. Vera, 7th We received orders on 9th October.

October to advance and drive them [from] their works, and on the morning of the 10th made the attack. In this attack we suffered much. We drove them into France to a place they call Arance (Aurantz).

<sup>1</sup> French loss 6,000; Allies' loss 5,176. —Napier.

<sup>1</sup> General Gazan's wife was taken, but sent back in her carriage under an escort. — *Journal of Lieut. Simmons, 95th Rifles.* "Nap." is of course King Joseph.

There the French remained and us remained for two months, finding strong outlying piquets every day; their sentries in one side of the field and us in the other, our piquets and them scrimaging every night. Never did I spend a more happy Christmas night than we had there.

But the French got a reinforcement and drove us to a large chapel.<sup>1</sup> There we kept our ground and went to work to fortify it night and day for six days. We had most December, laborious fatigues, digging 1813. [among] the corpses and the head-stones to shelter [us] from the shot of the enemy; drinking the water out of the graves, for we could get no other relief.

Then orders went to Lord Wellington of the deplorable situation of the Light Division. He sent a reinforcement to us; then we advanced on their piquets and drove them as far as Bayouhn (Bayonne). There they made another stand for seven days, but we made round their right flank [and] took them unawares with all their tents and stores and made 700 prisoners, without firing a shot.

Then off they went as far as Tarbes, falling in with them again on the 20th March—had another battle—but the British steel made them fly as far as Toulouse (Toulouse) leaving 300 killed, 157 wounded, 1,000 prisoners, besides all the officers' baggage, which was a very good prize. We followed them as far as the Sand village (Samatan) two leagues from Toulouse; there we halted for ten days. The inhabitants of the village all was fled when we came to it. There we had puncheons of wine in every house, as good as you pay in England five shillings a bottle. If

you had but seen the soldiers in glory there with fifty glasses on their table all full from morning to night, and even washed potatoes in it, it was so plenty.

On the 2nd April, about the hour of twelve at night, our route come for Toulouse, where we arrived at day-break and encamped for two days about two miles from the town. The morning following the Spaniards came up; their strength was 10,000 chosen men for the engagement. They remained in camp to Easter Sunday 10th April, 1813 [1814], Battle of Toulouse, when at six in the morning 10th April, the battle begun with the 1814.

Spaniards and French till midday. But the Spaniards was beat back twice, though they fought like lions for seven hours. But the General of the Spaniards, seeing these brave soldiers fall in such numbers, that he went to Lord Wellington for a division or two of the British which was granted in a instant. Then they made a most desperate charge, fearing nothing, [and] made the French to leave their works in the greatest confusion, leaving many thousands behind, killed and wounded.

The loss of those brave Spaniards that seven hours they were engaged [was] 4,732 killed, 700 wounded. The English [lost] 2,520 killed, 964 wounded. The French lost in the works 6,000 killed and wounded; 8,000 prisoners was taken, 2,552 taken in a fort a small distant from Toulouse.<sup>1</sup> The engagement held from six in the morning to four in the afternoon. This was the total defeat [at the end] of [the] long and tedious war of Bonapart.

Then the French retreated ten leagues from Toulouse and the British halted three days to get refreshment, and well they were used.

<sup>1</sup> Chapel of Arcangues, occupied by the 43rd during the combat.

<sup>1</sup> Spanish loss, 2,000; English 2,659; French about 3,000.—Napier.



Then orders came for us to advance after them again, but we only [were] about five leagues on the march when the dragoon<sup>1</sup> came to General Alten with the joyful news of peace between France and England. This was the joyful news for the whole army, to think hardships was at an end. Then we returned to Tolouse and remained there for eleven days; never was men used better than the inhabitants done to the English soldiers.

Then we received orders to march to Mountage (Montégut), where we stopped for two months in quarters; the friendliest people I met with in all my travels; never was soldiers used half so well in England. A loaf of ration bread in this town was 76 lbs. and white as your quartern loaves in England.

Then we got the route for Blamford (Blanquefort). We remained there for twelve days in camp, and in this camp a bottle of brandy was only tenpence, one pint of wine twopence halfpenny, and seven pound of bread fivepence.

Orders came for our embarkation

<sup>1</sup> The English Colonel, Cooke, and French Colonel, St. Simon, who arrived from Paris with the news of the abdication of Napoleon.

for England. We then marched to Conahac (Canténac) and embarked on board His Majesty's ship, the *Queen Charlotte*, of 120 guns. Was on board for eleven days, very comfortable and nothing extra during our passage. We landed at Plymouth and went into quarters. This gives you a small sketch of my travels through the Continent.

[Here the Peninsular diary ends, and with it our knowledge of John Timewell's "Passages through the Continent."

In October following, he accompanied the 43rd to America and served throughout the campaign of New Orleans, returning to England in June of the following year. Twelve days afterwards he embarked with the 43rd for Holland and disembarked at Ostend on the day Waterloo was fought. He reached Paris on 7th July and the last entry in his diary is on the 24th of that month when he notes he was "Reviewed by the Duke of Wellington, Empiour of Rusha, King of Prusha, and the Empiour of Astria!"

In September, 1816, he was discharged from the service on account of ophthalmia, and granted by a grateful country a pension of sixpence per day! In his discharge documents he is described as being five feet four inches in height. Thirty-two years later he was one of the survivors of the Peninsular campaigns who received the long-deferred General Service medal for the Great War.]

THE MEETING OF HORACE AND VIRGIL<sup>1</sup>

THE close friendship of two great poets, like Horace and Virgil, is always a subject of interest to their readers; and the prominence which Horace gives to Virgil in his poems is one of those pleasing features which have endeared the younger of the two great contemporaries to posterity, and inspire in us a more direct and personal liking for him than for any other poet of antiquity. The friend of Virgil is the friend of us all. He styles Virgil "my soul's dear half" (ODES, I. iii. 8); he names him among those three

Men than whom on earth  
I know none dearer, none of purer  
worth. (SAT. I., v. 41.)<sup>2</sup>

In the list of the friends who are at once his consolation and his pride, he brackets Virgil along with Mæcenas (SAT. I., x. 81). A meeting with Virgil by the way is a memory for ever:

O what a hand-shaking! while sense  
abides  
A friend to me is worth the world  
besides. (SAT. I., v. 43.)

He calls him "best Virgil" (SAT. I., vi. 55), best of poets and of friends; and, long before the composition of the *Æneid* was begun,

The muse that loves the woodland and  
the farm,  
To Virgil lent her gayest, tenderest  
charm. (SAT. I., x. 45.)

<sup>1</sup> This paper was read at the meeting of the Franco-Scottish Society in Edinburgh, July 13th, 1897.

<sup>2</sup> As in my former paper, *THE CHILDHOOD OF HORACE*, I have used Conington's translation of the *Satires* and *Epistles*.

The character of Virgil's poems was not so favourable to preserving the memory of his private friendships, for he did not know Horace during the early years when he was writing that more personal kind of poetry, of which some specimens, possibly all he ever permitted to go before the public eye, are preserved in the book called *CATALEPTON*. In the *Æneid* or the *Georgics* the name of Horace could hardly be introduced. There is no assurance that any of the *Eclogues* were composed after the first meeting of the two poets. I think, however, that we can find in this book traces of the impression that Horace's early work made on Virgil, delicately veiled indeed, and showing not personal friendship, which had probably not begun, but merely the recognition of poetic merit alone with a frank statement of differing judgment on the burning political question of the time, — a question of such transcendent importance that no Roman could stand apart from it, or contemplate it from the cold heights of artistic isolation, as Goethe gazed on the growth of the Germanic feeling of freedom and unity.

As to the exact time when their acquaintance began nothing is recorded. It was before the summer of 38 B.C., for about that time Virgil introduced Horace to Mæcenas,<sup>1</sup> and we may be sure that, before he took the responsibility of presenting the

<sup>1</sup> When *Satire II.*, vi. 50, was composed in the winter of 31-30, it was nearly seven complete years since Horace had begun to be in familiar intercourse with Mæcenas, and eight full months had then elapsed since his first presentation (SAT. I., vi. 61).

young poet to the rather exclusive and fastidious minister, he had given himself some time to observe his character. On the other hand, it must have been later than 41, for it was not till that year that Horace can have settled in Rome. He had been present at the battle of Philippi late in 42. After that some time elapsed, during which the war was concluded and lands at Venusia (among which was Horace's patrimonial estate) were assigned to the victorious soldiers of Augustus, before Horace settled in Rome, landless, friendless, an adherent of the unsuccessful and unpopular party (EPIST. II., ii. 50), looking about for some way to earn his living. How much longer time was needed before Horace rose so far above this unpromising situation as to come within the view of Virgil, there is no evidence. We may well believe that it required some considerable time; but, without insisting on this, we may confidently say that only the years 40 and 39 are open for the first meeting of Horace and Virgil.

Horace's poverty and friendlessness are rightly taken by every reader as a proof that his introduction to Virgil must have been brought about through his poetical work. He began to write as soon as he settled in Rome:

Bereft of property, impaired in purse,  
Sheer penury drove me into scribbling  
verse. (EPIST. II., ii. 49.)

Can we, then, discover any evidence which may suggest what part of his earliest work, and what qualities in it, caught the notice and won the approval of Virgil? I think that we can find the evidence among Virgil's own writings.

Among the earliest poems of Horace that have been preserved to us,—and there is no reason to think

that any poems were known to the ancients which have since been lost—is the sixteenth Epode. This poem, one of the most interesting that he has left us, is assigned unanimously, and almost with certainty, to the period during or immediately following the disastrous and bloody Perusian war. The poem, then, was composed in the first half of the year 40 B.C. Some years previously Horace had had sufficient belief in one of the contending political factions to fight for it; but when he wrote this Epode he had lost his faith in his former party, and had found nothing to replace it. He saw no hope for his country or for himself; and he consoled himself by an excursion into the land of dreams. He would abandon his country, and seek far in the western seas that happy land of which people talk and poets sing, where the Golden Age of peace and quiet and plenty is always present. The world of reality was beyond salvation; life had degenerated into an endless riot of bloodshed; only in fairyland or dreamland was any refuge left. This thought leads him off into a fanciful description of the Golden Age, the work of a rather young poet, a versifier of mere day-dreams, "the idle singer of an empty day." In his Golden Age there is no reality, for neither faith nor belief underlies the picture. Despair is seeking self-forgetfulness for a moment, and cheating itself with the words of hope, as the poet writes of

The rich and happy isles  
Where Ceres year by year crowns all  
the untill'd land with sheaves,  
And the vine with purple clusters  
droops, unpruned of all her leaves;  
Where the olive buds and burgeons, to  
its promise ne'er untrue,  
And the russet fig adorns the tree, that  
graffshoot never knew;

Where honey from the hollow oak doth  
ooze, and crystal rills  
Come dancing down with tinkling feet  
from the sky-dividing hills ;  
There to the pails the she-goats come,  
without a master's word,  
And home with udders brimming broad  
returns the friendly herd.

For Jupiter, when he with brass the  
Golden Age alloy'd,  
That blissful region set apart by the  
good to be enjoy'd ;  
With brass and then with iron he the  
ages sear'd, but ye,  
Good men and true, to that bright  
home arise and follow me !<sup>1</sup>

That this is a poem of politics is obvious. It did not express the views of the literary circle to which Virgil belonged. It was the work of one who had fought and suffered for the old republican and conservative party ; but it embodied a frank recognition of the fact that the conservative policy was a failure, that no reinvigoration of the old senatorial party was possible, that the constitution and government which had made Rome great was not able to keep her great and happy, and that some radical change was necessary. But the suggested new life in some happy island of the West must remain a mere dream. There was no course open to the dreamer except either to acquiesce in the government of the Triumvirate, or to plot against it ; and plotting was entirely alien to the practical and sane mind of Horace. This course of acquiescence in the Empire, as the least of evils and the only practical solution of the problem of Roman administration, was adopted by many adherents of the old republican party. The same spirit continued among the aristocratic party in Rome for more than a century ; and it characterised the attitude of Horace for many years after he became intimate with Mæcenas, until the stress

of conflict between Antony and Octavius drove him wholly over to the side of the latter. Antony represented the subjection of the Roman spirit to Oriental influence ; and his victory would mean the transformation of Roman government into a semi-Oriental despotism, lasting for a short time, to be swept away in new torrents of blood. When that issue was clearly presented, Horace became an ardent partisan of Octavius, and the change of tone became manifest in his poetry.

The policy which Mæcenas impressed on Octavius, and which was carried out in a singularly able and artful way, was to recognise and encourage this spirit among the senatorial party, to treat as friends all who were actuated by it, and not to press them for more active and complete approval. The author of the sixteenth Epode was in a hopeful state of mind for the men who favoured this policy ; and we need not wonder that, three years later, we find Horace enrolled among the intimates of Mæcenas :

To this extent that, driving through the street.

He'd stop his car and offer me a seat,  
Or make such chance remarks as

"What's o'clock?"

"Will Syria's champion beat the Thracian cock?"

"These morning frosts are apt to be severe;"

Just chit-chat, suited to a leaky ear.

(*Sat. II., vi. 42 ff.*)

The real and deep-seated strength of the new Empire lay in the fact that the literature of Rome was almost entirely enlisted on its side. The terms in which the admiration of the Augustan writers for the Empire are expressed, are to our taste exaggerated and sometimes even repellent. The placing of Augustus in the seat of the supreme God seems to us to be mere fulsome and foolish flattery ; but

<sup>1</sup>From the translation of Sir Theodore Martin.

this impression must not blind us to two facts. In the first place, the Empire of Augustus was actively and zealously supported by the best thought and the greatest writers of the time,—in marked contrast both to the previous period, when the literature of Rome was hostile to Caesar, and to the following period, when again most of the great men of letters show more or less strongly the anti-imperial spirit. In the second place, men like Virgil and Horace were no bought supporters of a political party; they believed in the policy which they advocated, and believed in it so thoroughly that, in the dearth of a religion, it became to them to some extent a religion; and their belief combined with the fashion of the age to give to their advocacy that extreme form of laudation which often offends us. To a spirit like Virgil the sixteenth Epode would be welcome; but, as I think, he was not content, as was the practical mind of Mæcenas, with the unconvinced acquiescence of a despairing opponent. He longed to make his own belief common to the whole of Rome. My hypothesis is, that the sixteenth Epode attracted the attention and interest of Virgil, and that he replied to it by the fourth Eclogue.

It will, I think, be conceded that, among those poems of Horace which may possibly have been published as early as 40 or 39 B.C., the sixteenth Epode is almost the only one likely to have won Virgil's admiration or interest. Take, for example, the seventh Satire, which may perhaps be as early. The inference which would probably be drawn from it is, that its author could never come to write anything which would rank as literature; and we may almost doubt if it really was published before the complete first book of the Satires was issued (probably in 33 B.C.), for its quality is so poor, that it would surely damn a

young and unknown author.<sup>1</sup> Only an established reputation could survive such a failure, whether looked at as humour or wit, as satire or poetry. The second Epode, which would deserve Virgil's praise, seems to me to bear the stamp of Horace's more developed style. His mind required time and knowledge and leisure before his real power could show itself; in his earlier works there is a certain vulgarity (apart from their coarseness and other faults), contrasting with the urbanity and grace of his maturer style. When he came in contact with the polish, taste, and tact of good society, his nature recognised and responded to them; but it was not rich enough to produce them until stimulated by meeting them in others.

Professor Sellar, with his delicate instinct, has recognised a certain quality in the sixteenth Epode to which Virgil's nature would respond, "the vagueness of its idealising sentiment in marked contrast to the strong hold on reality characteristic of his later art." The quality is not unnatural in a young poet whose character was still unformed; but in his development it was dwarfed by stronger tendencies in his nature and by the circumstances of his life. Only when Horace was addressing Virgil directly in his third Ode does Mr. Sellar again find the same quality uppermost in his poetry. "In both poems," he says, "may probably be traced the early influence of Horace's intercourse with Virgil." I cannot, however, place the beginning of that intercourse so early as the composition

<sup>1</sup> It may be assumed that certain Satires and Odes were published singly before they appeared in the completed books; and I believe that, in some cases (*e.g.*, in ODES, I. ii.) we can distinguish certain stanzas as additions made when the poem was republished in the collected volume. The sixteenth Epode I believe to have been also published separately before its appearance in the collected book of Epodes B.C. 31 or 30.



of the Epode. One poet may influence his contemporary before personal intercourse has begun, for Virgil's poetic power had already been recognised in Rome before the Epode was composed; and, before Horace had discovered his own proper line, he might well be influenced by the tone of Virgil finding a corresponding chord in his own nature. That the influence of Virgil on Horace was confined to these two occasional efforts, I do not believe; but it rarely appears in superficial imitations like those of ODE I. vii. 25. It worked deeper, remaking and refining the spirit of Horace. It tamed the hungry wolf which his maturer thought saw in his earlier nature, and which might have been made fiercer and stronger by the neglect and injustice of a hard world. It is perhaps no exaggeration to say that the meeting with Virgil made Horace what he is to us; and that the generous recognition and help accorded by the successful poet to the young beginner first supplied the genial warmth needed to bring his nature to its richest development. From this point of view we feel that the compliment which Virgil paid to Horace by echoing two phrases in the Epode becomes doubly interesting. As Kiessling has pointed out,

*Nec magnos metuent armenta leones*

is an intentional reminiscence of Horace's

*Nec rivos timeant armenta leones;*

and

*Ipsæ lacte domum referent distenta  
capellæ*

*Ubera*

is suggested by Horace's

*Illic injussæ venient ad mulctra capellæ,  
Refertque tenta grex amicus ubera.*

The Epode, as it reached Virgil's ear, acted on him in such a way as to

crystallise into poetic form ideas that already existed vague and unspoken in his mind. The fourth Eclogue is the expression of those ideas. With regard to the date of this poem, there is again almost universal agreement that it was composed in the year 40 B.C. I should suppose that the end of 40 represents the date when the poem was conceived, and that 39 was the year in which it became known to the public, or at least to Virgil's own circle.

The sole value, and the only justification of such an hypothesis is, that it should make Virgil's poem more significant to us; and it seems to me that on this hypothesis the fourth Eclogue becomes far more full of meaning, and that what was obscure in it becomes clear. This Eclogue has been the subject of much discussion; and the poem, which was once interpreted as a prophecy of the birth of Christ, has at least this analogy with early Christian literature that probably no two scholars are fully agreed about its intention. Mr. Mackail, in his charming book on LATIN LITERATURE, holds that there is nothing to understand in the poem; and that its only obscurity arises from the old prejudice that there is some special meaning in it. According to him, if I rightly comprehend him, it is a typical eclogue, a dream of Italian scenery.

If Mr. Mackail will consent to call the poem Virgil's vision of what Italy might be, or what it was to be, I should agree that the description is, so far as it goes, correct. It is Italy that Virgil is always thinking of and dreaming about; the picture of the fourth Eclogue is a picture of a glorified and idealised Italy, like a landscape of Claude Lorraine in which details of later and of earlier life are set in exquisite scenery as the painter had beheld it. The

details are often not strictly consistent with one another, and are therefore hated and despised by Mr. Ruskin; but all are necessary to an ideal picture of Italy. You could never have seen all these details united at any one moment in any actual Italian scene; but they are all integral parts of one's dream of Italian story, and they all come together in the vision of Italy as it might be, the Italy of the new age which lies before Virgil's eye in the immediate future. In condemning the employment of the term, the Golden Age, to describe the picture, Mr. Mackail undoubtedly is guided by a right instinct. Many people fancy that when they have labelled the Eclogue by that name they have explained its character, thereby missing wholly the aspect which Mr. Mackail sees so clearly and expresses so well. Let us then, like him, reject the term, and rather speak of the new age, on which in Virgil's vision Italy is entering.

Taking this poem as Virgil's reply to Horace, we see at a glance its meaning. "Seek not the Better Age," it says, "in a fabled island of the West. It is here and now with us. The child already born in Italy will inaugurate it and live in it. The period upon which Italy is now entering more than fulfils in real life the dream of a Golden Age perpetuated in a distant or a fabulous island, The marvels which are told of that island are being realised now in Italy under the new order through the influence of peace and prudence and organisation. The new Roman generation will in this way destroy every noxious plant and animal, and will make the land sufficient for its own people by the good agriculture which grows all useful products in abundance; it will improve the natural products and make the thorn tree laugh and blossom with flowers.

By naturalising the best that grows in foreign lands, it will render Italy independent of imports, and put an end to the too daring art of navigation." The Eclogue was, like LOCKSLEY HALL, a "vision of the world and all the wonders that should be," after the new Empire of Rome should have had time to show what science and government, working in unison, could do for Italy. "But first the mission of Rome to subdue and rule the world must be carried to completion by further war in the East; a new Argonautic expedition must explore and bring into the Roman Peace the distant lands to which the efforts of one of the united rulers of Rome are now to be directed; a new Achilles was sailing for another Troy," when Antony, ally and brother of Augustus, set out to conquer the Parthians.

The much-disputed question what child is meant no longer presents any difficulty. In this vision of the coming age the scenery is Italian, and the new-born child is the representative of the new Roman generation. Just as Virgil elsewhere addresses the Roman people in its collective form,

Tu regere imperio populos, Romane,  
memento;

so here he foresees that the collective Roman people

Pacatum reget patriis virtutibus orbem,—

will impose the Roman Peace on the world and rule it by the hereditary Roman virtues.

It is a total misconception of Virgil's intention to look for any reference to a special human child; and every attempt to identify the child of the Eclogue with any child born, or expected to be born, about the year 40 or 39 B.C., only makes

clearer the impossible nature of the attempt. The child of whom Virgil sings is the representative of the new Rome, bearer of its majesty and power, favoured of the Gods, shielded by them from all evil, guided by them to greatness and to empire. The child is brought up in the wisdom and the virtue that lie in the knowledge of Rome's glorious past; he still requires some of that training in war without which the true Roman character can never be perfected; but he passes through this as a mere stage of education; and thereafter the very forces of nature will adapt themselves to his directing will, for the ultimate aim of the true Roman is not war, but the peaceful direction by organisation and skill of the rich gifts of nature. Fate itself calls on the young Roman to assume the *honores* (the Roman career of public office), and to give lasting happiness to the longing universe.

This idea of the divine mission of Rome had not yet developed in the form which it soon afterwards took,—the belief that the Emperor Augustus was the incarnate God, Mercury or Apollo or Jupiter, who had come to save the world from its unendurable burden of crime and war—but the steps in that development were easily taken. The poem marks a definite stage in the development of the former vague belief in the majesty of Rome into the later worship of the Emperors as the representative and embodiment of that majesty. There were vaguely present in Virgil's mind, as he wrote, ideas that might have developed in a more healthy direction; but the times were unpropitious, and in the result the patriotism of the new Empire and the wider Roman State was built on the shifty foundation of an official worship of the Emperors as the divine power incarnate on earth.

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While I should thus try to express (following out the suggestive hint of Kiessling) what I take to be the meaning pointed to in Mr. Mackail's somewhat enigmatically figurative language, I think that he is not right in narrowing the scope of the poem so much as he does in some of his remarks. He omits to take into account two facts which determine the evolution of this ideal picture in Virgil's poem. Virgil is perfectly sure that the glorified and idealised Italy of his vision is being realised in their own time and before their own eyes, and he connects that realisation with a new-born child. These are two ideas to which no real parallel can be found in preceding Greek or Roman literature. The Better Age had been conceived by the Greeks as lying in the past, and the world's history as a progress towards decay. Even where a cycle of ages was spoken of by the Greek philosophers, it was taken rather as a proof that no good thing could last, than as an encouragement to look forward to a better future. Moreover Virgil's new age, though spoken of in his opening lines as part of a recurring cycle, is not pictured before his view as evanescent; it is coming, but its end is not seen and not thought of by him.

How does Virgil arrive at his firm conviction that the best is last, and that the best is surely coming, nay that it now is? Is it entirely his own inspiration, springing mature and full-grown like Athena from the head of Zeus, or can we trace any stages in its development to the perfect form which it has in this poem?

Again, the association of a young child with this coming age is something entirely alien to Greek and Roman thought. It springs from a sense of a divine purpose developing in the growth of the race and work

ing itself out in the life of ever new generations, a thought so foreign to the philosophical speculation of Greece and Rome that it imperatively demands our recognition and explanation. Nowhere can we find any previous philosophy or religion that had grasped the thought firmly and unhesitatingly, except among the Hebrew race. To the Hebrew prophets, and to them alone, the Better Age lay always in the future :

The best is yet to be,  
The last of life, for which the first was  
made.

The Hebrews always recognised that the divine purpose reserved for them a future better than the past, and they alone associated the coming of the Better Age with the birth of a child. We must, I think, look to the East for the germ from which Virgil's poem developed, though in the process of development nourishment from many other sides determined its growth and affected its character.

Looking at the poem from another point of view, we recognise that it is a metrical experiment, which Virgil tried in this one case and never repeated. Its metrical character seemed to him appropriate to his treatment of this one subject ; but he found no other subject which it suited, and he considered that the true development of the heroic verse lay in another direction.

Landor in his criticisms on Catullus's twelfth ode, has the following remarks on the metrical character of this Eclogue. "The worst, but most admired of Virgil's Eclogues, was composed to celebrate the birth of Pollio's son in his consulate. In this Eclogue, and in this alone, his versification fails him utterly. The lines afford one another no support. For instance this sequence (lines 4-6)

Ultima Cumæi venit jam carminis ætas  
Magnus ab integro sæclorum nascitur  
ordo.

Jam redit et Virgo, redeunt Saturnia  
regna.

Toss them in a bag and throw them out, and they will fall as rightly in one place as another. Any one of them may come first ; any one of them may come last ; any one of them may come immediately ; better that any one should never come at all." But in this criticism (apart from the fact that the force of lines 4-6 would suffer seriously if they were transposed, though grammar and metre might be uninjured), Landor has not observed that Virgil is deliberately trying an experiment in order to obtain a special effect. I agree that the ruling metrical form would be unsuitable for ordinary Latin use, but its employment is obviously intentional and dictated by the subject ; it is no case of accidental failure in versification.

The two most distinguishing and salient metrical characteristics of this Eclogue are, first, that the stops coincide more regularly with the ends of lines than in any other passage of Virgil, so that to a large extent each single verse gives a distinct sense ; and secondly that in a number of cases the second half of the line repeats with slight variation the meaning of the first half, or when the sense is enclosed in two hexameters, the second repeats the meaning of the first. These characteristics are unlike any previous treatment of the hexameter. As to the first, it is true that in the earliest stages of Virgil's metre the stops are placed at the ends of lines to a much greater extent than in its later stages. But there is a general agreement that the fourth Eclogue is not the earliest ; and even compared with the earliest, its metre is seen to be something peculiar and apart.

These characteristics are distinctly those of Hebrew poetry; and it appears to me that the metrical treatment of this Eclogue can hardly be explained except as an experiment made in imitation of the same original, from which sprang the central conception of the Better Age surely approaching and inaugurated by the birth of a child. Virgil found the idea and the metrical form together; that is to say, he did not gather the idea from a secondary source, but had read it (in translation) as expressed by a great writer, whose poetic form dominated his mind for the moment. Only a writer of the loftiest poetic power could have so affected the mind of Virgil. We notice, too, that the peculiar metrical form is most marked where the expression approaches the prophetic type, while in the descriptive parts the metre is closer to the form common in the Eclogues.

That such an origin for Virgil's idea is possible will be doubted by no one who takes properly into account both the width of his reading, and the influence which the strange and unique character of the Jewish nation and religion (and here the religion made and was the nation) already had exerted and was exerting on the Græco-Roman world. That is a subject over which there hangs, and must always hang, a thick veil; but enough is known to give us increasing certainty, as time goes on, that the fascination which Judaism exerted on a certain class of minds was very strong and its influence on Roman society far greater than is apparent in the superficial view which alone is permitted us in the dearth of authorities.

Finally, the often quoted analogies with several passages of the prophet Isaiah afford some indication as to the identity of the great poet whose words, either in a Greek translation or in extracts, had come before Virgil and

influenced the development of his thought. It is true that there are numerous points in this Eclogue which go back to Greek models. The ideas taken by Virgil from a Semitic source are developed in a mind rich with Hellenic knowledge and strong with a vigorous Italian life. Virgil is never a mere imitator, except in his most juvenile work; he reforms and transforms everything that he has learned from his great instructors. It is an Italian idyll that he has given us, not a mere transplantation of a foreign idea, or of any number of foreign ideas.

The prominence which one inevitably gives to Mr. Sellar and Mr. Mackail in any study of Roman poetry must suggest the reflection that their sympathy with the most delicate qualities of Latin literature is probably due in some degree to the peculiar double University training through which both passed. Thinking also of Mr. Andrew Lang, not to mention others, one can hardly fail to observe a certain character common to them amid their diversity of intellectual endowment; and one asks whether the common quality does not spring from their common type of education. I believe strongly in the importance of a double, or even triple, University education, and would welcome a more systematic recurrence to the old fashion of the wandering scholars in the time when there was one common language for all scholars. But of the possible combinations I doubt whether at the present day any one is more invigorating, or more productive of strong, catholic literary insight and historical sympathy than a Scottish university course followed by a course at Oxford; and as I watch the development of one generation after another of Scottish students, the idea is confirmed.

W. M. RAMSAY.



## A NEW ACADEMY.

It was Edmond de Goncourt's constant dream to found an Academy. Even during his brother's life the project had taken a generous and definite shape; and when an untimely death carried off Jules, the survivor was the more loyally bound in honour to perfect the enterprise. But the institution, as he devised it, had not the most distant resemblance to the Academy of Richelieu. It was rather like a college at Oxford or Cambridge than a lofty, imperious court of reference. Its members were free to pursue their art without duty or responsibility, and in return (for nothing) they were to receive an income of £250. A common dinner, held once a month at a cost to each Academician of not less than twenty francs, was the sole restriction imposed by the pious founder; and even if this occasional meeting caused dissension among the members, it was but a passing inconvenience, which the timely exercise of tact and caution might remedy. Indeed, no better form of endowment could have been designed, for it was genius, not mere scholarship, that was to receive an unconditional reward; and for a moment it seemed that not only would an august name be perpetuated, but a lasting benefit would be conferred upon the literature of France.

The enterprise, moreover, was not spoiled by a too hasty conception. For thirty years it lived and grew in Edmond de Goncourt's brain. It was discussed month by month at the celebrated dinners once held at Magny's, a now vanished tavern of the Latin Quarter, where the most distinguished writers of France were invited

to tinker its constitution and to revise its laws. But the founder alone was responsible for the election of his Academicians, and it is but natural that they should be chosen from those whose attendance at the Grenier, the literary paradise at Auteuil, was patient and exemplary. At the outset M. de Goncourt was determined to elect only such men of genius as the "general reader" despised or misunderstood, and for a while that implacable Chouan of letters, Barbey d'Aurevilly, was of the band. This choice was the more creditable to M. de Goncourt, because Barbey never belonged to the sacred circle. The founder, in fact, could scarce boast of his acquaintance. He had met him, where he met all the world, at the house of M. Daudet, and with his customary observation had noticed that he poured more brandy into his coffee than seemed prudent. But he cherished a very proper respect for his admirable literature, and therefore he would make him nephew by adoption. That Flaubert should find his place in the Academy was only natural, and even M. Zola's name was ascribed for a while upon the roll of fame. Yet death, alas, removed Flaubert and Barbey, while M. Zola, ambitious of the true laurel, took to the evil courses of candidature, and so disqualified himself.

Thus the list shifted with the shifting years, and if a constant revision could have made it perfect it would now stand above and beyond criticism. M. de Goncourt, moreover, was persuaded to take the whole world into his confidence. The most ardent and accomplished gossip of his time, he

recorded the trivial utterances of himself and his friends in a notebook, which a century hence will prove a document no less puzzling than remarkable. Nor did he ever display the reticence which compelled Saint-Simon to leave his manuscript unprinted, and Pepys to conceal his confessions in a cypher. As if to cheat death itself, he printed his journal in his own lifetime, and thus enjoyed the fruit of posthumous fame. At any rate, the whole world knew that the Academy would be founded when Edmond de Goncourt was no more, and all the world knew the general tenor of the novelist's will. It was no surprise then that two classes were found to be rigidly excluded from the advantages of this literary college,—functionaries and poets. That the servants of the Government should be left unendowed was just and reasonable. Their bread and cheese, at least, are assured them, and it is a common superstition that every Government provides its functionaries with leisure as well as with sustenance. But why poets should thus be deprived of benefit is, indeed, a dark riddle, for of all men poets are least able to convert their talent into money. However, M. de Goncourt would have none of the irritable tribe; perhaps he was thinking of the banquet at twenty francs, and by a wise prevision determined to lessen the chance of conflict; perhaps he reflected (and this is the more probable solution) that neither his brother nor himself strayed from the path of coloured prose, and was reluctant to subsidise an art which he had never practised. At any rate poets and functionaries are outcasts from this newest Academy, and one of the chosen had the utmost difficulty in freeing himself from the taint of government service.

When M. de Goncourt died, then, his Academy was already established ;

so much was certain, but none, not even the fortunate elect, could name the favoured Academicians. The clamour of excitement raised in the journals silenced the voice of grief, and even sorrow for the dead was hushed by a chorus of disappointment. All those who had devoutly attended the great man's receptions, and had been signalled out for notice in the Journal, believed their chance sound and comfortable. They were, so to say, a band of nephews waiting for the inheritance of their literary uncle, and since the college was limited to ten, and since M. de Goncourt had in reality nominated but eight, the field of disappointment was wide. Nor was the difficulty ended with the nomination. The founder had transcribed his will with his own hand, and by a strange confusion he had retained clauses which time had rendered of no avail: he had neglected to erase the names of those whom death had taken; and his last will and testament, made not long before his death, was nothing more than the conglomerated resolutions of many years. Wherefore it went to the lawyers, and it is immensely to the credit of French law that the will was interpreted by the spirit and not by the letter. The testator's wish was obvious and acknowledged, but informality has generally been held sufficient to override the most loudly expressed desire. The court, however, with a strange wisdom determined not to cheat a lifelong ambition, and the Academicians have nothing more to do than to elect two colleagues and to eat their dinner, once a month, with what peace they may.

And what of the eight, upon whom the master conferred the sublime honour of selection? The acknowledged president is M. Alphonse Daudet, marked out for this distinction by friendship and achievement

alike. Time was he practised the banished art of poetry; time was he discharged the duties of a public functionary. But he has long since put away both these follies, and his devotion to prose, at last exclusive, qualifies him to perpetuate the memory of his lifelong friend, Edmond de Goncourt. He is, moreover, not only by the public esteem but by his personal performance the foremost novelist of France, if we forget the wider popularity of M. Zola. In him the hapless Empire found its most genial historian; in him the arrogance and jollity of the reckless South are expressed at their liveliest. The gaiety and pathos of JACK, the brave humour of TARTARIN are, like the days spent by M. Faure at Peterhof, never to be forgotten. When he deserted romance for actuality he proved,—in SAPHO for example—that he could worst the realists at their own game. Above all the ancient Academy found in him its most strenuous opponent. His L'IMMORTEL was nothing less than a bitter castigation of Academic intrigue and Academic pettiness. If therefore the College of Goncourt were in reality a protest against the foundation of Richelieu, then M. Daudet's courage and independence had given him the right to sway its council and to preside at its dinners. Nor is this all: for thirty years M. Daudet had been the friend of the founder; at Magny's he had shared the discussions with Tourgenieff and Flaubert; he had been the real hero of that famous JOURNAL DE GONCOURT which shall astound our great-grandchildren, for though it was Edmond de Goncourt that held the pen, it is Alphonse Daudet who is the protagonist in this intimate drama. Wherefore he is the first chosen of the new Academy, and it is only because he does not fulfil the essential condition, which M. de

Goncourt imposed upon his foundation, that the world or his colleagues should quarrel with his presidency.

M. de Huysmans was chosen on other grounds. His devotion to the Grenier was without reproach, and he it was who told the Master that the inhabitants of Bothnia never put out their blubber-candle without reading by its flickering light a few pages of GERMINIE LACERTEUX, a daring experiment upon the Master's credulity which should not be cheated of its reward. But, apart from his devotion, he is one of half-a-dozen who live for literature and for literature alone. He has never concerned himself with the circulation of his works, and he has resolutely shrunk from the temptations of journalism. The result is that he has crystallised in himself all the literary movements of his time. He began as the pupil of M. Zola; he worshipped at Médan with as patient a devotion as Paul Alexis himself, and his contribution to the SOIRÉES,—the immortal SAC AU DOS—was the subtlest and most brilliant of that brilliant and subtle anthology. But after the SŒURS VATARD and one or two experiments he outgrew the cult of naturalism, and even went so far as to denounce his master. Then it was that he resumed in a series of marvellous phantasies the familiar frailties of France. In one novel he tore to pieces the folly of the æsthetic movement with an irony so just and a humour so vigorous that comment was impossible and superfluous. Again, he tackled the prevailing mysticism with the same admirable sense of fun and proportion; he pilloried the Black Mass and the prophets of the diabolic movement in a work that was half history and all romance. The Black Canon of Lyons lives in his vivid pages, and his admirable satire was sufficient to kill the cult which might have involved intelligent France in

a tiresome scandal. Having accomplished so much, he did not stay the march of his intelligence, and passing from black to white he created in *EN ROUTE* the novel of decorative Catholicism. Whatever he has touched, he has touched with the hand of an artist anxious only for the perfected result and indifferent to the opinion of the garrulous world. If therefore his devotion to M. de Goncourt were more than half ironic, his devotion to letters is simple and whole-hearted, and his admission to the College is as proper as it is humorous.

M. Paul Marguerite is a less worthy, but inevitable Academician. His attendance at the Grenier has been equalled only by his perception of the popular taste. He has realised better than ever that Naturalism must have its reaction, and his works are wittily calculated to amuse the vulgar without bringing the blush of shame to the modest cheek. Moreover, he is a good workman, who knows the limits and the possibilities of his talent; and it is quite likely that his election to this Academy is but the prelude to an admission into the larger, more exclusive coterie which bears upon its shoulders the literary burden of France. In fact, he was born to wear the green coat of the older foundation, and you know that the dinner, which he will eat once a month under the presidency of M. Daudet, is but a halt on the road to the Institute. Moreover, by taking his brother into partnership he has paid to the Master's memory the sincerest tribute of flattery, and until he passes into the more august assembly he will do nothing to besmirch the fair fame of a gracious hostelry.

The admission of M. Rosny to the sacred circle is no less just, for M. Rosny was always the faithful champion of the Master, and he remains a novelist of well-merited appreciation.

To say that his works are a trifle dry is but to give them the praise that they deserve. They are certain never to catch the popular applause, but they are certain also never to descend upon vulgarity. To get a due measure of his talent in the terms of English fiction you must amalgamate Mr. Henry James with Mr. Wells, since in one aspect he is a delicate analyst of the emotions, in another he is a bold inventor of scientific and prehistoric complications. Devoted only to the practice of his art, he has shared all his enterprises with his brother, and thus, again, he has merited the loyal respect of M. de Goncourt, whose talent was always influenced by the memory of Jules.

With M. Geffroy you come upon a lower plane. For M. Geffroy has never risen higher than the highest journalism. He has for many years proved himself a critic of knowledge and discernment, but his work wins its immediate reward, and it is difficult to see what place he should fill in an exclusive and endowed Academy. In France, however, the journalist who writes over his own signature is already a man of letters, and it would be idle to try M. Geffroy by the standard of Fleet Street. At the same time, M. Geffroy does not hide his light under a bushel. With him you do not confront a man of genius like Barbey d'Aurevilly, magnificent and misunderstood. He makes an immediate appeal to an interested audience. His articles appear every week in a widely-read journal, and there seems no reason why he should be subsidised to perform the work of a capable and conscientious critic. M. Octave Mirbeau is exposed to the same objection, for he also, despite his courage, pertinacity and insight, is nothing more nor less than an accomplished journalist. His leading-articles are looked for every Sunday with an eager curiosity, but

all the world knows where to look for them, and no endorsement can make them either better or worse. He has more than his share of that Norman wit which is easily understood on our side of the Channel, and he possesses in an eminent degree the trick of discovering unknown genius. No sooner had M. Maeterlink produced his first play than M. Mirbeau pronounced him, in one of those phrases which stick for ever and mean nothing, the Belgian Shakespeare. And since that eminent experiment in discovery M. Mirbeau has brought a dozen talents to light, so that an article from his pen is sufficient to create an immediate interest and a passing success. But this is not the work which requires a public recognition and a handsome endowment.

With this beginning, what shall be the future of the new Academy? Indeed, if it is to provide encouragement for unacknowledged talent, not more than three of its members have a right to partake of its august dinner. Whatever we may think of M. Daudet's genius, we must confess that it lacks neither appreciation nor reward. He is not, like Flaubert and Barbey, making war upon a recalcitrant democracy. Wherever the French tongue is understood, there he is read with enthusiasm and delight. He has fought his own battle, and he has conquered. Not all the endowment in the world can improve his art, or give another sparkle to his wit. Had he lifted up his finger he might have entered the older institution, despite his advertised hostility; and one doubts whether friendship should be sufficient to open the doors even of a private college. Moreover, M. Margueritte might be trusted to fend for himself; and nothing save time is needed for his election to the highest honour which France can confer upon her

men of letters. M. Hennique, who will occupy the place of Vice-President, deserves no endowment, and MM. Mirbeau and Geffroy are journalists. In brief, tried by the loftiest standard, the Goncourt Academy is already a failure, and with this inauspicious beginning you wonder whether it will ever attain the least and lightest of its ends.

It was established with the avowed intention of encouraging literature and of making war upon the Academy of Richelieu. And so little will it encourage literature, that its president is a distinguished novelist who needs no encouragement, while two of its members are practised journalists who see the reward of their work at the week's end. One only of the chosen indisputably deserves his place,—M. Huysmans, whose independence of spirit might have been trusted to overcome the most obstinate opposition. What, then, can be the purpose of this admirably designed college, beyond the proper perpetuation of M. de Goncourt's memory? The monthly prize will be awarded to a mediocre piece of prose, for ten men at variance with themselves are not likely to make an admirable choice. Nor can the monthly dinner result in anything better than dissension. Men of letters are notoriously quarrelsome, and where there are only ten the opportunity of dispute is four times as great as where there are forty. The author of *Li-Bas*, for example, has spent his life in writing for himself alone; he has never cast even the most casual eye upon those who might some day be persuaded to read him. What can he have in common with the accomplished gentlemen who write assiduous articles, destined to appear on a certain day and in a specified column of a popular journal? Will literature be benefited by their periodic meeting, or will they produce



a single line which would have remained unwritten but for the intervention of M. de Goncourt? Probably not, and you are driven back upon the belief that the new endowment will be rather a reward than an encouragement, that it will differ in no respect from the despised, yet dignified, House of Richelieu.

The French Academy, which holds its meetings under the dome of the Institute, began as a coterie, and has ended as a conspicuous department of State. It was, indeed, no less than an attempt to convert a private meeting into a public council, and it succeeded so admirably that no detractor in the world can make the French Academy anything less than the outward representation of whatever is distinguished in the life of France. Of course it has failed, because art is ever a free-lance, and because the best of governments can only embody in its institutions the spirit of the commonplace. Not even forty angels could purify a language, and the Academic dictionary is nothing else than an amiable and foolish pastime. But it is a pastime which the Goncourt Academy will miss, unless the younger school devotes itself, as in honour bound, to the collection of Japanese prints, for at least it prevents the discussion of literature, and saves its members from an infinitude of boredom. Again, the Academy has failed to attract the men of genius who have flashed their light upon France. But this failure, too, was foredoomed and inevitable. Men of genius neither seek companionship nor prove themselves companionable; and when once a public institution has won the right of electing its own members, it must become an exclusive club. To compile a list of the distinguished men who have found the doors of the Academy closed against them is

ridiculously easy. Balzac, Dumas, Gautier, Barbey d'Aureville were all far greater than MM. Sorel and Houssaye, MM. Léon Say and Jules Simon. But they could never have been elected to the Academy, because their talents set them too high above the decent level of mediocrity which is essential to a branch of the Civil Service. Nor is M. Zola likely to fare better than his superiors; indeed, it may safely be said that the few really great writers who have found their way beneath the famous dome, have arrived at their arm-chair in their talent's despite.

But this is not said in dispraise of the ancient Academy. We would only insist upon the self-evident proposition that man is man, even though he wear a green collar to his coat, and that the noblest club can do no more than express the preferences or the dislikes of its members. The old Academy has never swerved from its ambition of collecting under one roof forty gentlemen tintured with literature. At times the tincture has been of the slightest; more rarely still the much abused title of "gentleman" has been misapplied. But at any rate the Academy has proved a reputable figure-head, and its numberless *cliques* have prevented it from degenerating into the mouth-piece of school or parish. Above all, it is supported by the unbroken tradition of three centuries, and though its dictionary be a piece of superfluous dilettantism, though the intrigues between the "dukes" and the "poets" are trivial enough, the institution is carried along by the weight of its antiquity, and it will never lack esteem so long as the French language remains the material of a finished art. After all, it is no small achievement to have represented for three hundred years the common sense of the community, and it is this that the Academy has

achieved. As for the men of genius, they are far better outside, since no exclusion can discredit them, and since, being free of this world and of eternity, they need the shelter of no house made with hands.

But while the Academy of M. de Goncourt must fail as a protest against the elder foundation, while it merely includes the same elements in a state of less intensity, it is prevented by its very rawness from achieving a separate work. It is fresh, untried, and traditionless. Of the old Academy it may be said that it is a gentlemanly, middle-class club, which every Frenchman would be glad to enter, and with which every Frenchman would be bored when once he got there. The Goncourt College starts with a higher ambition, but must inevitably from its constitution fall far lower. A coterie which includes M. Huysmans and M. Margueritte cannot fight a pitched battle against stupidity, or the burgesses of this world, because it is too bitterly divided against itself. Moreover, it will lack the austere qualities which distinguish the House of Richelieu. The eight men of letters, already elected, will doubtless dine together on the days appointed; doubtless they will toast the pious founder in appropriate terms; also they will discuss questions of literature, with tongue in cheek; and they will elect their colleagues and award their prizes

without listening to the clamour from outside. But the elections will surely be humorous enough to provide material for a comic opera. For where the common dinner is essential they must look to companionship as well as literary merit. Possibly their disagreement will be so fierce as to result in complete inactivity. But narrowness begets narrowness, and the very limits of the new Academy will ensure intrigue and dissension.

Above all, it will never profit literature, since literature is too wayward and delicate to be fostered by endowment. Give a man a thousand pounds and a comfortable house, and probably he will refrain from that masterpiece which once was seething in his brain. Moreover, the very power of election prevents a simple honesty. The unhappy ten may perhaps discover some common ground of sociability, and shift their judgment from literature to life. But whatever their fate they will eat their dinner, disdained or forgotten by the writers of France. They were chosen to found an Academy, and they will never escape from a collection of coteries. The larger body counts three, the smaller is not likely to count less than ten. And one's only regret is that the founder is not here to watch its progress. For none was more skilled than he in half-silent irony, and the growth of his own Academy might have provided his Journal with many agreeable pages.

## A PHILOSOPHER'S ROMANCE.

## CHAPTER I.

It was one o'clock on a certain Friday, the hottest day that Soloporto had as yet known in an unusually hot season. The sun shone in a dazzling, cloudless sky, distributing his beams impartially on everything they could reach; and they reached me, Pepe Romagno, with such insistence that I strolled a few paces further down the street, and leaning in the shade against the door-post of the shop of my friend Luigi Fascinato, who dealt wholesale in cabbages, garlic, and onions, continued my occupation of rolling a cigarette. It was the time for *siesta* and pedestrians were few, though a good many carriages plying for hire rolled past, occupied chiefly by young men (frequently without waistcoats) sitting in the idlest of attitudes; for in Soloporto during the warm season no one who has thirty *soldi* in his pocket hesitates to spend it in saving his legs the length of a street. The great sleepy oxen, having dragged their carts alongside the coasting-craft in the Canale Grande, opposite to which I was standing, had been relieved of their yokes, and now lay, ruminant and massive, taking their rest; while their masters, stretched supine on the pavement in the shade of the houses, with their arms under their heads and their hats over their eyes, took their *siesta* also.

In the market-square hard by most of the stall-holders had departed, and only the fruit-sellers still kept their places, for the sun cannot spoil grapes and peaches and apricots; those who dealt in salads and green stuff had

carried away what remained unsold of their limp and drooping stock, and the vendors of poultry had betaken themselves and their cackling, thirsty loads to their farms on the outskirts of the town. Only the pigeons seemed unaffected by the general lassitude, for they cooed and preened themselves round the fountain, or explored the refuse of the half empty market-place, with no apparent diminution of energy.

The Canale Grande, as everyone knows, runs up from the sea in a short straight line to the white columned portico of the church of San Antonio Nuovo, and is wide enough for a small vessel to lie alongside each quay on either hand, while a third might pass between on her way outwards or inwards, through the two opening bridges, called, according to the colours they are painted, the Ponte Verde and the Ponte Rosso. Hither come the Turkish and Greek craft with tobacco, and oddly rigged Dalmatian coasters with fustic and planks, and sometimes a hold full of dried figs, which are thrown out with spades. Sicilian and coasting vessels are here too, and one of these, the *Stella del Mare* of Ancona, lay exactly opposite to Luigi's shop, where indeed it had been moored for his especial convenience. The *Stella del Mare* had sailed up the Canal on the night before, laden with onions and a few water-melons, and manned by Toni Capello, his wife Nina, her brother Giacomo, his brother Tomasao, and a little cur dog belonging to all four.

Toni had only been married a couple of months, and was a handsome young fellow of five and twenty,

brown-skinned and brown-eyed, with beautiful white teeth under his black moustache when he smiled, and crisp, curly black hair; Nina was pretty and immensely proud of her good-looking husband, but also (and I must confess she had cause) terribly jealous of him. The other two men and the cur were of the ordinary kind, and merit no special description. In addition to several other employments to which I will refer later on, I, Pepe Romagno, earned a fair amount of money by writing letters for those who either could not or would not write for themselves. Owing to my superior education (of which also more presently) I was in great demand as a scribe; and epistles being sometimes exchanged between different parts of the city, I was not infrequently employed to answer my own letters. I leave you to imagine what frightful consequences might have ensued had I not been the soul of honour.

Now I had often written to Nina in Ancona for Toni during his courtship, and had read her answers to her lover, for he could neither read nor write himself; thus I knew all about them both, and had more than once administered a little advice to Toni respecting the bounds of discretion in an affianced man, which in his case appeared indeed limitless. The incident I am about to relate, however, proves once more how an ounce of practice is worth a pound of theory.

I have said that it was the hour of *siesta*; but Nina, thrifty soul, who had been washing shirts all the morning on deck, had taken her basket and departed in quest of macaroni and beans for supper; and oddly enough it was precisely during the half hour of her absence that there occurred to Bina Kovachich the unavoidable necessity for purchasing a water-melon. The pile of that fruit on board the *Stella del Mare* was a

private venture of Toni, who only took the onions as freight, and he sold them as occasion offered. Bina's father was a coppersmith, and his dark old shop in the Ghetto was all a gleam with his wares; owing to their highly polished surfaces, Bina had had so many opportunities of admiring her own pretty face that she had ended by falling in love with it, and what was worse, endeavouring to get every man of her acquaintance into the same condition. Toni had traded to Soloporto for over a year, and as copper cooking-utensils on board ship need occasional repair, like their companions on land, he was precisely the sort of young man to entrust a job of this kind to a craftsman with a pretty daughter. What more natural, then, than for an old acquaintance to continue her custom? And it was of course a desire to do Toni a good turn that had brought Bina to the edge of the Canal that morning.

I could not, however, persuade myself that it was for Nina's benefit that Bina had arrayed herself in her best clothes, and twisted her sleek hair into the most fascinating knots and coils, ornamented with tortoiseshell combs and arrows. At all events there she was, and at sight of her, Toni, who had been half dozing on a pile of matting bags used to pack the onions, roused himself up and proceeded to select a fruit. The customer was, however, difficult to please; one melon was far too large, another probably half run to seed; a third she was convinced had a bruise, and a fourth seemed hardly ripe. At last, however, one was found to her liking, and the vendor, drawing his clasp-knife, proceeded to cut out the usual small square block of rind and flesh to show the quality, which, as he had truly averred, was superb,—a bril-

liant, dark-red pulp, studded with flat handsome black seeds. All was not over, however; there still remained the debatable question of price.

"How much?" demanded Bina.

"Twenty *soldi*," quoth Toni.

"*Benedetta!*" screamed Bina; "twenty *soldi*! Do you think I am made of money? Ten *soldi*."

"Twenty," repeated Toni, with a flash of mischief in his eyes.

"God forbid!" expostulated Bina. "How can you dream of asking a poor girl such a sum; come, be reasonable, say twelve *soldi*!"

"Eighteen," said Toni, apparently nerving himself to relent a little.

"You must be joking," said Bina; "find someone more foolish to joke with. I am going," and she swung her petticoats round.

"Sixteen then," said Toni. "Come, it's dirt cheap at sixteen *soldi*."

"I'm glad you think so," replied Bina tossing her head saucily; "you must be much richer than I am to think a water-melon cheap at sixteen *soldi*. I'll give you twelve,—there now!"

"It's a great deal over a twelve *soldi* size," said Toni, patting the smooth striped rind sympathetically. "A splendid melon like that for twelve *soldi*; why, it's the best and biggest I have on board; upon my soul it is."

I had heard him make the same assertion with equal fervency six times previously during that same morning, and Bina probably understood how much it really meant, for she persisted in her offer of twelve *soldi*.

"Well, fourteen *soldi*," said Toni, with a gesture implying that the fruit was torn from him against his will at that price. "I will let you have it for fourteen *soldi*."

"Twelve," repeated Bina steadily, throwing him a languishing glance.

Toni looked carefully round. Giacomo and Tomasao were fast asleep under a little awning rigged up of sails in the stern; the cur was wide awake certainly; so was a big ox ruminating hard by; but they would tell no tales. Scarcely anyone was passing, and the rascal did not see me; the deck was nearly level with the quay, and if Bina stooped a little—

"Well, Bina," he said in his softest sweetest voice, and throwing a tremendous amount of expression into his brown eyes, "I'll let you have it for twelve *soldi* and a kiss." He emphasised the conjunction.

I think it exceedingly probable that Antonio Kovachich's daughter had all along foreseen this proposal; indeed she may have come to the Stella del Mare that morning quite as anxious for a kiss as for a melon. She made no verbal answer, but taking twelve little copper *soldi* out of her pocket she dropped them one by one into Toni's palms, and then stooped forward and curved her red lips towards him in the most tantalising fashion. They had scarcely been brushed by an equally ready black moustache when I was aware of a figure coming swiftly round the corner; reprehensible as I felt his conduct was I could not allow poor Toni to go unwarned, and I lifted up my voice. "Toni," I cried, "Nina's coming!"

The effect of my words was more than instantaneous; it was electrical. Up to the time of Toni's compromise I fancy Bina had not been sure if his wife was on board or not; now, when I say that she fled as fast as her legs would carry her, leaving both the water-melon and its price, I have said enough to show you that she was very unpleasantly startled indeed. As for the other conspirator, he dived suddenly down into the little cabin, still unconsciously grasping the melon. Nina

leaped on board and hurried after him, spilling a lot of macaroni, and as I dislike the sound of a woman's voice when raised above a certain pitch I strolled away to finish my second cigarette.

How pleasant it is to be a philosopher! Given a sufficient supply of food, a cigarette of tolerable tobacco, a ready match, a shady corner in summer, a sunshiny one in winter, and what more can a man want? I should say, perhaps, a man who is a philosopher, and I would strongly advise all who read this to strive after such an eminently desirable frame of mind. I will not venture to point out the best method of training for this result; it must vary with the circumstances of the individual; but I emphatically warn everyone against the manner in which I became a philosopher.

One may say of philosophy what your Shakespeare said of greatness: "Some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them." Never having been great in any sense of the word I have had no practical experience of these sentiments; but with regard to philosophy I say: "Be born philosophical if you can; strive to be philosophical if unfortunately you are not born so; but never, dear friends, reduce yourselves to such a condition that philosophy is thrust upon you. Once the result is brought about you will probably, like myself, be happy enough; but I cannot recommend the thrusting process as an agreeable one." In order, however, to explain how I became a philosopher it is needful to inflict on the reader some account of myself previous to the day on which I begin this story.

My father was an Englishman, my mother an Italian, and the former fact accounts for my knowledge of your literature though I have not

claimed the nationality to which I have a right. Some English autobiographies of self-made men begin, "I was born of poor but respectable parents," and I am sorry that in this particular I cannot emulate many of my illustrious compatriots; my parents were neither poor nor respectable. My father, the heir to great wealth, came abroad after leaving Oxford, to make the grand tour essential in the days of his youth to the completion of a young man's education. His parents had long been dead, and the income upon a magnificent estate was being accumulated for him by his guardians, who, however, neglected to provide him with a sufficiently discreet tutor or companion on his travels. I have been given to understand that after getting into innumerable scrapes and difficulties my father, being still abroad with the ineffectual tutor, met my mother, a beautiful and charming actress, and married her in Milan a few days after he came of age.

I have gathered from various old letters and family papers once in my possession that this step caused grave displeasure to his relatives in England, whom he never saw again, for he was too well pleased with life abroad to care to return, and his income could not be withheld. He proceeded therefore to enjoy himself after a fashion which no one could call philosophical. If you are fond of cards and wine, and the usual accompaniments to these pleasures in the way of expensive friends, you can run through a good deal of money in a very short time, a task in which I have reason to believe my father was ably seconded by my mother. Of him I have no recollection; but I connect my mother with a vision of a beautiful oval face, with large dark eyes and a high pale forehead crowned with masses of black hair. They died of cholera within a few



hours of each other when I was four years old, leaving me to the tender mercies of my mother's relatives in Italy and those of my father in England. I had many subsequent interviews with the family solicitor, but my first meeting with him is one of the earliest things I can recollect. When he came to Italy to inspect me he was a man past middle age, portly, and wearing gold spectacles on a very wrinkled face; his clothes were dark coloured, and his high collar, as stiff as starch could make it, almost concealed his ears. Round his throat were swathes of black silk confined by a small diamond pin. His boots creaked and shone like glass under short drab gaiters; he stared at me through his glasses for a moment, then cleared his throat with a tremendous noise, took a big pinch of snuff and cried, "God bless me!" The noise, the snuff, and the exclamation combined alarmed me so much that I fled,—a meagre, large-eyed, pale-faced little creature—to my grandmother for protection, and clinging to her skirts hid my face till sufficiently reassured for another peep at the stranger.

Grandmother Anello had sold matches round the *cafés* till her only child, my beautiful mother, had been employed at the theatre, and quickly coming to the front had made her brilliant marriage with the Englishman my father. This was a lucky day for the old crone, who lived henceforth on an ample pension provided by my father; she had lived with her daughter as my nurse ever since my birth, and she was at that time of my life of which I now speak the object of my deepest love. Her sunken flashing eyes never looked fiercely at me, nor did her cracked old voice ever speak to me in any accents but those of kindness. I used to sit on her knee and twine

my fingers among the coral beads round her wrinkled yellow throat, while she told me all manner of stories or raised a hoarse quavering chant to lull me to sleep.

I suppose the family lawyer was impressed with her devotion; at any rate he decided that I was to remain in her care till I was eight years old. Having attained that age I was transferred to England for purposes of education; and here I spent the ten unhappiest years of all my life. I disliked my relatives as much as they disliked me, which was not a little; they were a frigid, calm, reasonable, unlovable tribe, and so soon as I was eighteen I suggested that a year or two in Germany to finish my education would not be amiss. To Germany accordingly I went, under the care of a tutor who was as discreet as the man who had escorted my father to Italy had been the contrary. I returned to England at twenty years of age, without having had the chance of sowing one wild oat of the bushel I was wearying to fling broadcast, and resolved to break my bonds on the earliest possible opportunity.

The head of my family was an old lady, aristocratic, haughty, and handsome. Diamonds flashed on her withered fingers, and a white widow's coif crowned her abundant grey hair. She was always consulted with much deference by the family lawyer whenever any business was brewing. A few weeks before I came of age I asked her permission to go to France for a fortnight. Perhaps the request was unreasonable; I do not know; at any rate she refused it, and I, boiling with anger, accepted the refusal with every show of respect. As I left the room I heard the family lawyer say, with a pinch from the inevitable box: "Better have consented, Lady Elizabeth. What's bred in the bone is born in the flesh.

Better let the lad have a chance of —"

I heard no more, but what I had heard increased my respect for the old gentleman's perspicacity. I was determined moreover to have a fling, come what might, and, being fairly supplied with money, I set off secretly for France just a week before I came of age.

Of course people were sent to track me, but travelling in those days was not quite so rapid as at present, and I remained undiscovered till my twenty-first birthday. Having previously found out that the family lawyer was in Paris, I called on him on that day at his hotel, and announced my intention of living henceforth abroad, in order to renew some of my pleasant, childish impressions of sunshine and warm air, and colour in earth and sky and sea; I would never return, I said, to that land of grey clouds and chill winds, of order and propriety and money-getting and respectability. I directed that my income should be paid to me through a certain bank; I thanked the old gentleman for his kindness and consideration in coming to Paris at his advanced age to look for me; I made my bow, left the room, and never saw him again.

When I recall the succeeding twenty years of my life my mind is torn in two: on the one hand I remember with regret how totally devoid of my present simple philosophy was my existence then; on the other, a flicker of delight rises within me from the ashes of half forgotten things. Ah, it is good to be young and rich and free, to be blithe and light-hearted, to be glad in the gleam of red wine and the scent of flowers, to know the sweetness of women's smiles and the softness in their eyes, to claim the pagan's birthright of sunshine and clear air and star-lit

skies, to shroud conscience and heart in the simple joy of living and moving in beautiful places! These things are indeed passing pleasant; and when the inevitable happens, when the chapter is finished and the clock has struck, when to-day is done and to-morrow begins to take its place, then, my friends, comes philosophy, the philosophy that presents itself as an alternative to suicide, the philosophy which, if you have a thread of manliness left in you, you will accept, the philosophy, in fact, that is thrust upon you.

A noted French writer has bid us to use men for our advancement and women for our pleasure, but always to preserve our honour. Never desiring advancement, I concerned myself little with the first item of the advice; but the two last precepts I have always fulfilled. No debt of mine on horse or card was ever dishonoured, though I confess the end was bitter when I found nearly all my obligations held by one man, a Jew usurer, who, with the instinct of his race, knew exactly the moment to swoop upon his prey to the best advantage. He would not grant me time to pay, except upon such extortionate conditions that my debts would have been practically doubled. Everything therefore went, and I found myself free indeed from all pecuniary embarrassments because I had simply nothing to be embarrassed about and no security upon which anyone would lend me a farthing. I found that first year of apprenticeship to philosophy sufficiently hard to endure; but it came to an end like everything else, and I had not died of hunger, nor killed myself in despair. The former result I attribute to my Italian blood, which assimilated itself more readily to altered conditions of life and amusement; the latter to that which was English in me, which

supplied a certain dogged resolution to go on living in spite of fate. Without wearying the reader with a tedious account of every circumstance of my existence, I may say that in many cities I found various forms of employment. I have taken toll at the gates of race-courses where my own horses once ran; I have sold wine where I used to buy it. In those days I learned to mend more shoes than I wore, and to turn and repair other clothes than my own. In fact, philosophy, who found me, on the day I took service with her, a useless man who had done nothing but amuse himself all his life, has turned me out after a sufficiently severe training rather a handy fellow, who has done and can do almost anything except lie, thieve, or beg; for through all the vicissitudes which have fallen upon me I have never forgotten that I was born and shall die a gentleman. A few months, however, after the hot day of which I have just told you a story, I fell into a most disagreeable experience, whence I was rescued by a chance which brought me, at one and the same time, good luck and a new friend, of both of which more shall be told in the next chapter.

## CHAPTER II.

READER, do you know Soloporto? If not, the loss is yours, for it is one of the most interesting towns in Europe. Long before the birth of Christ the Roman eagles fluttered above the steeples that overhang a marshy level in the northernmost part of the Adriatic where the tideless sea claimed an almost complete sway. This desolate morass was the only possible landing-place for some twenty miles of naked iron-bound coast, against whose grim rocks the white waves fretted in vain. But once the first Roman galley

thrust its heavy wooden prow through the salt ooze, once the first stalwart soldier, buckler on arm and sword in hand, had raised his helmeted head to gaze keen-eyed on the naked heights rising grim and uncouth above the marsh where the sea-wind sang unhindered,—and the loneliness of that desolate spot was gone for ever.

At first a mere cluster of huts, affording temporary shelter to a handful of Roman soldiers, rose within an earth-work, crowned by the inevitable standard bearing the Imperial eagle in its pride of place; then, as the Roman thirst for conquest increased, more permanent habitations were erected, and gradually the low steep hill became covered with buildings. Neither his gods nor his pastimes were ever neglected or forgotten by the ancient Roman; and a temple to Jupiter was soon reared on the highest part of the hill, hard by the camp, that Martial and Flavian, and their companions of the guard, might have no long distance to go in order to record their parting vows or deposit their thank-offerings to the god upon their safe return. Nor were the long detentions in camp allowed to become wearisome; lower down the hill a stone theatre was raised, where sports and shows and games might be witnessed, and wagers exchanged. But except to seaward, those very earliest settlers could have had little range. Behind the hill, and its slope where they had established their camp, rose other hills, the nearer ones rocky, but the further, only however some three miles inland as the crow flies, overgrown with a dense and impenetrable forest, sparsely inhabited by savage tribes with whom in their labyrinthine solitudes even the fearless Romans would hardly come to close quarters. These forested mountains extended for many miles along the coast, and formed the step to the great table land beyond.

One thing succeeds another, and Time's foot leaves its print everywhere; to look at the modern city of Soloporto to-day you could not tell that its inhabitants were once martial and disciplined. If you climb the steep streets of the Ghetto till you reach the cathedral you may see, through a grating made for the purpose, how St. Giusto's tower has risen above the carven columns that were once reared in honour of him who held the thunder-bolts; hard by, in a damp and dreary little enclosure, you may see certain earthen wine-jars and sculptured stones collected as relics of the conquerors of the world, while down in the cellars of Antonio Kovachich's shop I have seen part of the pillars which once adorned the Roman theatre.

It is hardly, however, on account of its past that Soloporto is interesting now. Few of its inhabitants know that the place has a past; fewer still know or care what that past was; but if you would see the gateway of the East, if you would watch the strange and complete, yet imperceptible, mingling of Occident and Orient, if you would stand for a while in a debatable land where Jews, Turks, Infidels, and Heretics do congregate with Lutherans and Catholics old and new, if you would see a score of countries in one town, a score of human types in one street, then, my reader, come to Soloporto.

Though the place is not that of my birth, and though I am not especially attached to any one spot on earth, still I confess that this town has a certain fascination for me; the reader must therefore excuse me for having for a moment forsaken the recital of my own adventures which I would fain believe he finds more interesting.

There was much poverty and not a little sickness in Soloporto during that autumn and winter, and for me also it was a hard time. People did not

care to pay for the mending of shoes that would by any means stay on the feet without such assistance, and the clothes of my usual customers suffered much, to my mind, in appearance from the lack of my attentions. The letter-writing business, too, fell off just at this period, probably from the same cause of poverty, and I confess I was sorely pinched. I could live, but not save, and when trade was bad I was compelled to dispose of many necessities which in the face of starvation seemed superfluous. I could not of course afford to take my warmer coat out of pawn when the cold weather began, and one can do without a waistcoat better than without food. I freely confess that, contrary to my wont, I wore my coat buttoned up just then because there was nothing underneath it. I grew a beard too when my razors went (at half their value) because it is a good protection to the throat and chest. I will not distress myself by recalling an exceedingly painful period in my life, but pass over a fortnight of indescribable want, the last day of which found me crouching on the bare floor of a garret in the roof of one of the oldest houses in the Ghetto. The Bora, that terrible wind which is at once the scourge and the saving of Soloporto, for it scours the drains and sweeps away the evil odours, was abroad that night, and it was bitterly, piercingly cold. I shivered from head to foot, and suffered the more that for the first time for years a cruel hunger gnawed me. The rent of my garret was paid up to the next day; after that I should have no roof, for I have never, since the day philosophy was thrust upon me, purchased that which I could not pay for. Not a single *soldo* remained of my scanty store, and to-morrow I must beg, if I could, though even in my sore straits I felt I would rather die. The Bora roared among the roofs,

shaking the crazy rafters and finding its way through a thousand crannies till the air I breathed was a-quiver with cold. At last I could bear it no longer; I was nearly frozen, and raising my stiffened limbs I took the door-key, the icy contact of which was positive pain, and groping my way down the filthy stone stairway found myself at one o'clock in the morning in the empty street.

The narrow alley was black in the shade of the tall old houses, with their dark windows, that seemed to me like the closed eyes of the dead, and all the space between the frozen footway and the strip of clear sky overhead was full of the unearthly, unforgettable sound of the wind. It shrieked among the stars, and moaned through shadowed archways, it buffeted the swinging signs of the little drinking-shops, and hurled itself like some invisible monster against everything in its path; there was not an inch of brick or wood or stone or iron in the city that did not give back its icy chill, nor an angle that did not echo its ghastly breath. I stumbled along as warily as might be, for even without the terrible force of the wind the frost had rendered one's footing insecure, and I suppose my misery must have half crazed me, for when a dark object was suddenly blown towards me on the ground I stooped and clutched it as an animal pounces on its prey. I was nearing one of those streets which serve in new Soloporto to connect the Ghetto with the modern part of the town, and I pushed on towards the corner round which had been blown the magnificent fur cap I held in my hand. A clear patch of moonlight flooded the roadway just here, and as I paused for a second to cling to a post for support against an extra strong blast, a man fought his way into the comparative shelter of the alley. I saw him like

a photograph as he crossed the patch of moonlight, a young fellow of five and twenty or thereabouts, bare-headed and handsome, with clean-cut features like those of a statue, but with none of the effeminacy which is sometimes associated with the type. He wore a long coat with a great fur collar, and held his hands deep in his two pockets till a sudden onslaught from the wind sent him staggering towards me with arms outstretched. I caught at the sleeve of his coat (I remembered having once had one exactly like it), and held him for a moment till the blast had passed by and lost itself screaming in the distance; then I presented the fur cap and bowed to him as I spoke: "This is doubtless your property, Signor?"

I have not lived my life for nothing, and I knew instinctively that the man I spoke to was a gentleman, and I shrewdly suspected an English gentleman. Hunger and pride fought within me. The first cried, *ask, or accept*; the second wondered with fierce hesitation whether one gentleman would recognise another. I was a handsome man once myself, and the meagre light concealed deficiencies of apparel, while perhaps my sudden access of pride brought back with it a sense of undeniable equality that was apparent in tone and gesture. He gave a joyful exclamation, and taking the cap put it carefully on, pulling it well down over his ears, while I nerved myself to bear the clinking of the coin that would purchase bread. Next there ensued a pause, interminable to me, but in reality occupying just the time that it takes for one man to look another in the face. Then without hesitation the stranger bowed and held out his bare hand with a heavy English signet-ring upon it. He spoke in Italian. "A thousand thanks! The

cap is mine; good night, Signor." He was gone! The warmth of his strong young grasp yet lingered in my palm, undefiled with a beggar's dole. He was gone, but the unready tears welled to my eyes with a sting. I was a gentleman still, and in spite of my rags my peer had known me as such. From that hour I loved Thomas Willoughby with that durable self-respecting affection that one man sometimes bestows upon another.

I turned again in the direction of my miserable shelter, but the night's adventures were not yet over. As I stumbled along, fighting with the wind and trying to keep my feet on the frozen paving, I suddenly slipped, lost my balance, and came to the ground. I fell on my left side, involuntarily extending my right arm and hand to clutch at some means of saving myself; nothing was there, but my open hand was forced by the shock into a small heap of drifted snow and rubbish whirled by the wind into the angle of a door-step. My fingers closed together in the freezing mass, but as they met my palm I felt that something hard was in their grasp, and I held it firmly while again struggling into an upright position. I was terribly bruised and shaken, but fortunately had broken no bones, and the burning curiosity to know what I had picked up partly diverted my thoughts from my unhappy accident. I was not far from my own door, close to which a gas-light had been flickering in the wind when I came out. As I drew near once more, intending to scan my prize, for upstairs I had no candle nor even a match left, I saw that the light had vanished, and the cause was clear enough. The ground was strewn with fragments of glass and tiles; some of these from the roof had evidently been hurled down by the wind upon the glass-lamp, and the flame,

once exposed to the strength of the storm, had been quickly blown out. The moon, which had shown me this damage, passed at this moment behind a cloud, and there remained nothing for me to do but grope my way upstairs again and pray for a beam from heaven to show me the contents of my hand. I dared not stay outside to try to reach another gas-lamp for fear my numbed fingers should relax their hold, which I tightened to the best of my ability as I climbed to my garret. I could feel that I held a tiny flat something wrapped in paper, and my heart gave a great leap as the sudden thought darted into my mind that it might be money.

At that moment I felt if possible more hungry than before, and crawling into the corner farthest from my rattling door I crouched down and, holding the tiny packet between my clenched teeth, set to work to rub my hands vigorously together to restore their lost circulation, so that perhaps touch might reveal the nature of my discovery.

So soon as I could again feel my stagnant blood stir in my veins I very cautiously began unfolding the paper, which was limp but not destroyed by its contact with the snow. Inside was a coin, and never did opium-eater in his most ecstatic moments of imagination cover a wider range of fantasy than did I, Guiseppe Romagno, that night. The moon remained persistently hidden; through the pane of glass in the roof which lighted my lodging I could see the night sky, all dark save for a faintly twinkling star here and there. I was therefore quite free to speculate, and, calling philosophy to my aid, I spent my coin on fifty different meals in order to forget my gnawing hunger.

It was an English shilling, and I enjoyed an ample plateful of English roast beef,—one of the few pleasant



things I remember in connection with England. It was a French *louis d'or* and I breakfasted at Bignon's and bade the obsequious waiter keep the change. It was an Italian *lire*, and I drank coffee and smoked a cigarette at Florian's, and heard the hum of Venetian life around me, and watched the moonlight sweep over the great *piazza* and move with magic fingers about that wondrous harmony of gold and bronze and marble that men call St. Mark's. It was an Austrian *krone*, and I sat in the *Cucina Popolare* in the next street and ate *risotto* and drank a glass of white wine, which in Soloporto is held more warming during the cold weather. Finally my treasure-trove turned into a five-*kreutzer* piece, and I bought a great hunch of bread and gnawed it with the relish I had felt when twenty-four hours before I had eaten it as my last meal.

I suppose that at last I must have fallen into a doze, for I wakened with a start at hearing my neighbour below stirring, as the clock in the town-hall boomed six. She was a widow, an elderly woman for whom I had once or twice written letters; and as it was still pitch dark I thought I would ask her to lend me a light for a few moments, for I could not wait till the tardy winter dawn came to investigate my prize.

I went down the stair aching in every limb from the cold and the effects of my accident on the previous night. A bright gleam shone through a chink in the door as I knocked.

"Come in," cried a woman's voice, and I entered.

"Teresa," I said, "I should be so much obliged if you would lend me a candle for five minutes."

"Surely, Signor Pepe, but with the greatest pleasure; here by good luck is an end of candle I can well spare. Shall I light it?"

I thought of the draughty staircase

and my own entire lack of matches, and felt doubtful.

"Take the matches too!" quoth the kind soul, whose ready wit guessed perhaps at the cause of my perplexity though she did not allude to it; and I went up the wooden steps again carrying the candle and matches. Once inside my room I closed my door, for I might have gold in my possession, and it is well to beware of prying eyes in the Ghetto. My apartment was absolutely bare of everything, so I struck a match and held it underneath the candle till the grease had sufficiently melted to adhere to the floor, where I fixed it, and then lighting the wick I drew forth my parcel.

The paper had once been white, but was now naturally stained and dirty; I unfolded it with fingers shaking with excitement, and found—a fifty-*soldi* piece! Imagination is such a wonderful power that I do not deny feeling a sudden pang of disappointment,—I, without a *soldo* in my pocket!—that I had not found a golden coin. Hunger, however, is even more powerful than imagination, for it is a very stern reality, and at this instant my hunger clamoured for bread. Fifty *soldi* meant dry bread enough to preserve life for three or perhaps four days, and I was just going to snatch up the money and go in quest of the earliest-risen baker, when it struck me to examine more closely the paper in which it had been wrapped. There was writing on it, and some figures had also been scrawled above a date. The whole inscription was as follows: *Pepe. 51 fl: 75S: 20 Guigno.*"

The words interested me in some vague way, though one could twist absolutely no meaning from them, and I looked at them absently for a moment. Then I noticed that there were three double numbers written down; one could play for three double numbers in the weekly lotteries, and

fifty *soldi* secured the chance of a good prize. I went on thinking in the same strain; there too was my name *Pepe* and *Guigno*,—what might that mean? G.—Why the Graz lottery was drawn in two days, and G. stood for Graz, of course! What if I played this money? Could I, dare I, burn my boats in this fashion, silence the murmurings of my hunger, and disregard its craving pain? All that was English in me urged an instant call upon the baker; all that was Italian remained fascinated by the odd coincidence I had noticed. Finally hunger conquered, and I blew out the bit of candle and, taking it and the matches, I went down again to Teresa's room to return her loan before going out for food. She was making coffee as I entered, and I sniffed it involuntarily.

"Have you much to do this morning, Signor *Pepe*?" she asked.

"No, nothing very pressing," I answered. "Why?"

"Well, I am in some concern about my daughter in *Rovigno*," said Teresa, "and I should like to write to her, if you would not charge too high, Signor *Pepe*, times being hard for us all in winter. Do you think you could do it for thirty *soldi*,—and a bowl of coffee and a crust?"

"Of course, of course, for an old friend like you, Teresa," I said, for one must never be too eager to do business; it brings down prices. "Perhaps though as a favour you will not mention such a low sum, if you should be asked for my terms. I cannot always work at that rate, you know."

"I'll not mention the sum to a living soul," protested Teresa energetically as she poured out her coffee. "Here is your bowl, Signor *Pepe*, and the bread, and if you will be so kind as sit down and drink it and warm your hands a bit over the charcoal and mind the door till I return, I

shall be back in an instant, but I must carry coffee to my son-in-law, the butcher in the *Beccheria*, who is always at work early on Saturdays."

Teresa hustled out, and I sat down, having made up my mind that as soon as the letter was written I would play for the Graz lottery. Here I was eating and drinking and warming myself, with fifty *soldi* to gamble with in my pocket, and thirty *soldi* more in prospect which, with my present meal, would keep me till the next night in food; and five minutes earlier I had been a miserable starving mortal without even the spirit to run a risk! Everything English in me subsided, and the Italian entirely re-asserted itself.

So soon as the letter was written and addressed I offered to stamp and post it for old Teresa; and when this had been done I purchased my lottery-tickets for Graz in the numbers 51, 75, and 20. I joyfully paid down the fifty-*soldi* piece, and went away clinking the thirty I had just received in very good spirits indeed. Before mid-day I had a commission to write two more letters,—I who had not written one for weeks!—and in the evening when I ought to have given up my room, I paid the rent for two nights more in advance. One clear day, the next, must elapse before the result of the Graz lottery was made known, and I do not know to this moment how I ever got through the hours. They did pass somehow, and I hung about the doorway, where the winning numbers were to be posted at ten o'clock on that eventful morning, for quite an hour before that time. As it drew nearer I grew faint with excitement and apprehension; possibly also I was not physically very strong just then, for though I had eaten food every day, its quality and quantity were not precisely of a nature to induce robustness.

At last the man came out with the long black-framed slips of white paper with their big black numbers. There were three or four. I read *Soloporto* with its numbers, *Prag* with its numbers, *Leopoli* with its numbers; then came the fourth frame, and I grew giddy, while everything was blurred before me. I dared not look.

Close by a little lad, on his way from school with his satchel on his back, had stopped to peel an orange. I touched his shoulder. "Can you read figures?" I asked, almost humbly.

"Of course I can," he said rather disdainfully.

"Then read me the winning numbers for the Graz lottery."

The child stuffed the fruit into his mouth, and moved in front of the announcements; and I moved with him, closing my eyes and leaning on his shoulder. He began: "Fifty-one, seventy-five, twenty—" then I gripped his shoulder so tightly that he struggled for freedom.

"I beg your pardon," I whispered releasing him as I staggered for support against the nearest lamp-post. I, Pepe Romagno, had won twelve hundred florins!

### CHAPTER III.

I AM inclined to think that as people, like myself, of mixed nationality advance in years, the influence of the more phlegmatic race will assert itself with increased strength. Possibly this may be because age impairs the vigour of youth mentally as well as physically, and risk no longer presents so much temptation. At any rate the fact remains. I have a strong suspicion that if I had been fifteen or twenty years younger I could have easily cast off the fetters of philosophy, which to-day have gnawed into me, and become again a spendthrift, amusing myself with

my hundred pounds so long as it lasted, and finding myself finally no worse off than I was when fickle fortune dropped this gold into my grasp. I say this advisedly, being in the main an honest person and not anxious to claim more virtue than there exists in me. Being, however, fast in the said fetters, by reason of long custom in the wearing, I went soberly to work in the disposal of my windfall. First, of course, I took my warmest coat out of pawn, rescued my razors, and bought a new waistcoat. I also engaged a comfortable room for myself in a small inn outside the town, as the spring was just upon us and rent much cheaper than in the city itself. I only slept there, however, continuing my usual occupations in Soloporto itself, having placed over three-fourths of my hundred pounds to my credit in a certain bank lest I should again be overtaken by evil days. These very reasonable and praiseworthy proceedings I attribute to my English blood, for had I been entirely an Italian I am sure I should never have bestowed my winnings in this way.

In the meantime wherever I went I kept a sharp look-out for the stranger I had met in the Ghetto. I felt convinced I should recognise him immediately if I saw him, for, as you are already aware, circumstances had combined to impress him on my memory. But winter passed, spring came, the early summer was just beginning, and having seen no one at all like him, I was fain to suppose that he had been one of the many thousand strangers who annually pass through Soloporto on their way to or from the East.

One glorious Sunday morning I set forth from my lodging in the little inn bent upon a long walk. I cannot say that I should like to live all the year round in a rural solitude;

the mansion of my father's family was what you call in the country, and ever since my English experiences I have fought shy of renewing the disagreeable impression of remoteness which that dwelling produced on me. Still, every now and then I would go for a long aimless excursion to some lonely spot where one might breathe a purer air for an hour or two, and find the quiet needful for the consideration of important subjects. I was somewhat perplexed just at that time, being engaged in letter-writing for a young man who was deeply in love with a young woman. They had both engaged my services as scribe, though neither was aware that the other could not write; and in order to guard against their discovering that the same person wrote and answered the letters, I adopted the plan of sloping my writing from left to right when I wrote from Gino to Carlina, and from right to left when she requested me to reply to her admirer. This innocent proceeding produced the desired effect; but I often found some difficulty in reconciling my conscience with the deviations from fact which they sometimes desired me to convey to each other.

Gino was a luggage porter at the St. Andrea station, whence the railway climbed tortuously up the barren steeps and wound round the gorges of the great dreary range of mountains that rises behind Soloporto. He had the best heart in the world under his blue linen jacket, and a strong arm in hauling about boxes and hampers, so that he was always sure of steady and remunerative employment. From every point of view he was a far better match than Carlina (who was a housemaid at the other end of the town) had any right to expect. Not content, however, with Gino's admiration, the minx must have more than one string to her bow, and had taken up with a

jackanapes of a hairdresser's assistant, whose well-oiled locks and smirking manner, acquired in the course of his profession, had caught her volatile fancy. At the moment of which I write I was engaged in an epistolary quarrel anent this rival, which I was endeavouring to patch up, being anxious that Gino, for whom I entertained a genuine regard, should marry the frivolous little housemaid if his heart was really set upon it.

I passed a good many hours in the woods, and successfully decided the various questions for the consideration of which I had repaired to these solitudes; then I set forth once more along the footpath I had climbed, which presently emerged into the dusty, white high-road leading down to Soloporto. I followed this until its winding and dreary monotony became broken by the walled gardens surrounding the country-houses of those who were obliged to remain near the town, and yet preferred the country in the hot season. As a rule, until the month of June these *campagnas* were closed and vacant save for their peasant caretakers, but one got pleasant peeps through their barred gates of freshly opened green leaves and the pink and white foam of blossom. Having passed two of these deserted dwellings I came to the short cut to Soloporto which led to my lodging, and thence to the outlying streets of the city. I saved a long piece of winding road by following this byeway, and it was my invariable custom to use it. On this particular afternoon at the end of April, however, I resolved, having time at my disposal, to take the high road to my inn. Barely fifty yards beyond the short cut was the gate of another *campagna*, a very pleasant one though of small size; it stood well back from the road almost hidden among trees, and as I approached, a fox-terrier dog (I recog-

nised the breed at once) rushed out, and by means of most friendly demonstrations contrived to cover my clothes with the dusty print of his active little paws. Being fond of dogs, and this one recalling many memories of England where I had been well acquainted with his kind, I caressed the animal, and wondered who on earth he belonged to, for the canine inhabitants of Soloporto are not noted for beauty or breeding, and this creature possessed both. The next moment, however, I heard a long clear whistle, and a young man appeared at the gate.

"Peter," he cried, "you disobedient little brute, where are you off to now? Come here, sir, come in at once."

My black and white friend lingered irresolute at my side; he ceased his demonstrations, looked at the speaker, and then turned his intelligent brown eyes to my face, evidently unable to make up his mind as to the best thing to do. I did not try to influence his decision, for I had recognised his master's voice, and wished to see if I myself had been forgotten, for by this time I had come down the road as far as the gate. My dusty condition was instantly noticed.

"By Jove," cried the Englishman, "what a mess that dog has made of you! Pray,"—here he broke off his native language and resumed his sentence in Italian,—excellent Italian it was too, almost purer than mine, which of late years has, I regret to say, become somewhat tainted with the bastard dialect of Soloporto. "Pray, Signor, come in for a few moments, and let me place a clothes-brush at your disposal. I cannot think what made the dog run at you like that; he generally avoids foreigners."

I did not say that I was only half a foreigner, partly because experience has taught me caution in dealing with strangers, and partly because I could

hardly suppose that the fact had anything to do with Peter's friendliness. "Many thanks, Signor," I replied; "with your permission I will come in."

Directly I spoke the young fellow turned and looked sharply at me. "Surely we have met before," he said in a half puzzled tone.

"Yes," I answered, smiling, "we have met before; but the weather was much colder when I last had the pleasure of seeing you."

"Of course, of course," he cried, holding out his hand, "I remember perfectly now. What an awful Bora there was that night! It took me an hour and a half to get out here, and I assure you I was obliged to do the last half mile on my stomach, upon my soul I was. But come in, come in and sit down, and make yourself at home."

Although I am by no means enamoured of the English character in general, yet as a rule I will grant that nation credit for candour and sincerity. If an Englishman wishes to be rude, it is impossible to mistake his intention; if he wishes to be hospitable, you may be sure he is not inviting you under his roof and wishing you elsewhere at one and the same moment. The English are the worst hands at deception in the world; their subterfuges are so clumsy that one sees through them at once, and they cannot even lie artistically. In the present instance I knew my host meant what he said, and a wave of intense pleasure swept over me as I began to realise that there was one to whom I need not condescend, but might associate with on equal terms.

As these thoughts chased each other through my mind I was following my new friend up a path which led to the front of the house. We stepped into the usual mosaic-paved entry, and there I was left alone save

for Peter, who subsided into a panting heap on the ground just where a patch of sunshine had heated the chilly paving.

In a couple of minutes my host reappeared followed by an elderly English manservant of the most approved type, who was armed with a clothes-brush. This he used with some dexterity, though I thought I could detect a dumb protest about his deft proceedings; English servants do not care for dusty strangers who are suddenly introduced into a house straight off the high road, and I felt that Wakefield (that was his name) imbued his perfectly correct bearing with a trifle of suspicion.

"Bring a bottle of Carmenet, Wakefield, and the cigars," said his master. "Will you sit here or in the garden?" he inquired, turning to me; "perhaps the garden will be pleasanter."

I assented, and we repaired to a couple of comfortable basket chairs under a vine of wisteria whose fragrant purple clusters were a sufficient protection from the sun. Peter came too and snapped at the flies, as he sat on his haunches and watched them dancing in the sun.

"What a charming place Soloporto is," said my host, waving a freshly lit cigar in an expansive sort of fashion in the direction of the town.

"Have you been here long?" I asked.

"Ever since last September. I was passing through on my way from Egypt, and liking the look of the place, I stayed. But it is time we introduced ourselves," he went on, with the particularly frank smile which was one of his attractions, for it modified the rather stern regularity of his features. "My name is Thomas Willoughby, and I have no profession, but a good many tastes which serve me instead. And you are——?"

"I am Guiseppe Romagno," I an-

swered, "and I am a Jack of all trades, partly tailor, partly cobbler, partly scribe." I watched him rather narrowly to mark the effect of my words, but he never flinched; though he was English, I give you my word he never flinched.

"That must be quite exciting, Signor Romagno," he remarked; "you must have immense opportunities for the study of human nature."

"I sometimes wish that my professions involved a little less study of human nature, Signor Willoughby," I said, thinking at that moment of my tiresome difficulty about Gino and Carlina. "It is a disappointing quantity when you get to the bottom of it, I assure you. Human nature is of exactly the same ingredients in every individual, only the quantities differ; and this difference of quantities is what we call character."

"An ingenious theory," said my host, pulling at Peter's ears, "and perhaps in the main a sound one; it will account too for a good deal that is invariable in everything. I think,—do not let me offend you by my suggestion, it is rarely applicable—but I think, Signor Romagno, you must be a philosopher, since you seem able to look at your fellow-creatures in general from a detached position. I believe that is the correct attitude for philosophy."

I thought of the immortal Shakespeare, who spoke of "salad days" and "greenness of judgment," as combined; but I felt that there were exceptions to the rule, and that Thomas Willoughby, though undoubtedly in his salad days still, was by no means green in judgment; he had found out that I was a philosopher.

"You are quite right, Signor Willoughby," I answered gravely; "many years ago I had philosophy thrust upon me."

"How interesting that must have



been," he said, looking at me with increased attention.

"That is not precisely the adjective I should apply to the process," I answered rather drily. "I don't know what effect it might have upon you, but there are epochs in life when one is so much occupied in living, in receiving continual disagreeable shocks, in adapting oneself to all sorts of novel and unpleasant conditions, in looking at things in general from an unfamiliar and repugnant standpoint, that one has no time to discover if all this sort of thing is interesting or not. When you have time to find out anything, you will find out that you have become a philosopher."

My auditor laughed, a spontaneous ringing laugh that it did one good to hear. "I don't think, Signor Romagno, that I shall ever make that discovery; the process by which it is attained sounds far too complicated and disagreeable, and besides, I am not sure that one is any the happier for studying humanity from a distance and becoming absolutely devoid of the power to wish for anything, like that fellow in the tub—what was his name?—Diogenes. I like to make friends because I enjoy their company, not because I am anxious to put their characters under a microscope. I am sure I should not be at all pleased if anyone studied me after that fashion; any decent man would know that he must fall short."

"Diogenes," I remarked, "was not really a philosopher; he was a cynic; besides, his first youth was not spent at all philosophically."

"Well," said Thomas Willoughby carelessly, "you evidently know a good deal more about the old fellow than I do; but if he was not philosophical in his youth he must often have regretted that age brought it on. I don't think that if I lived to be a Methuselah I should ever turn philosopher."

I sipped my wine (an excellent vintage, and quite unlike the beverage which philosophy provided for me as a rule), and watched my new acquaintance as he smoked in tranquil comfort. Ah! once I too had been like him, once I too should have spurned philosophy, once I too had had no profession but many tastes like Mr. Willoughby, and, as was also evidently the case with him, the means of satisfying them. Should I try to save this frank, generous young fellow, to whom I had been so strangely introduced, from my own fate? Should I strive to warn him of what might be in store?

There had fallen a silence between us, not the strained and weighty silence which so greatly disturbs an ill-assorted meeting, that silence which each refrains from breaking because he thinks the duty devolves upon his neighbour. No! the present pause was one without the slightest sense of constraint; it had fallen quite naturally and neither of us was ill at ease; we were both philosophising. To myself, who am nowadays much given to the consideration of what some call trifles, it was a singular proof of the sympathy which already existed between Thomas Willoughby and myself.

I had just decided that it was not of the slightest use to preach the possible to this young man, when a light step on the gravel of one of the paths attracted my attention, and I looked up to see a very handsome young woman, of the regular Soloporto type, going to the pump among some bushes at a little distance to draw water. My companion looked up also and, following the direction of my eyes, vouchsafed an explanation.

"My cook," he said calmly; "a good-looking woman isn't she? But this place is really remarkable for pretty women. I am no devotee of ugliness,

and I can't for the life of me see why one should not enjoy the frequent sight of beauty if possible. I have a strong tendency to Bohemianism, Signor Romagno, and England is the most uncomfortable country in the world to indulge such tastes, therefore I came abroad; but in order to retain some hold on the skirts of English respectability I brought Wakefield also; he keeps up appearances for me, and I shine in the light of his reflected propriety. Tell me, did you ever see anyone who looked so perfectly irreproachable? And I assure you in his case appearances are not deceitful. I think he would be glad to go to England again, for he can't speak any Italian,—languages are not his strong point, he has a low opinion of foreigners—but he sighs and grumbles and stays on, chiefly I fancy because he has a real regard for me and is afraid I should come to grief without him. He was once my father's servant, and he sometimes forgets that I am no longer a little boy. But if you don't care to smoke any more, come and see some of my things. I bought all manner of curios in the East."

He led the way into the house, which with the exception of two or three of the smallest rooms used for sleeping, was crammed with Indian embroideries and metal work, Japanese bronzes and Chinese porcelain, Arab and Turkish armour, ancient pottery from Cyprus, curious old pictures from Italy, and Heaven knows how much more in the way of Venetian glass, wood-carving and so forth. One could pretty well trace this young man's wanderings by his purchases which, regarded with the eye of intelligence, formed a complete map of his route.

"Are you going to settle altogether in Soloporto, then?" I asked.

"Why do you ask?" he enquired.  
"Because I have unpacked all my

things? I always do that if I stay more than two months anywhere. Wakefield does all the packing and unpacking; he is a capital hand at it."

If practice makes perfect I saw no reason to doubt that Wakefield was indeed an expert in this branch of his duties, and I formed a high opinion of the strength of his attachment to his master.

"I intend to stay in Soloporto just so long as it suits me," went on Thomas Willoughby. "When I am tired of the place I shall move on; at present I am not at all tired of it, and I have made no plans for the future."

"Do you intend to spend all your life in this way?" I asked, struck almost with admiration at its magnificent independence.

"Oh dear no," he answered smiling; "by and by I shall return to England and select a nice pleasant girl to marry; possibly, if choice be difficult, I may ask my mother's opinion; and I shall marry and live happy ever after, as the story-books say. Some day, Signor Romagno, I shall turn into the most orthodox English father of a family, some day but not *just yet*," and he executed a wink of surpassing expression.

"But do you think that kind of life will suit you after this one?" I enquired.

"Oh, I dare say it will," he said lightly, "if I get enough of this kind of life first; but I don't intend to hurry myself, or to be stinted in my own way. We have had one horrid example of such stinting in our family, and I don't mean to be made another; one of my relatives came to smash about a generation ago, sometime before I was born, in fact. He had the family taste for having his fling, and, not being allowed to indulge it, the consequences were disastrous."

It began to dawn upon me that Wakefield's post was no sinecure, but I felt singularly drawn to this blithe young fellow with his light heart, his infinite capacity for amusement, his careless enjoyment of existence, his inexperience in all but pleasure. At any time of life such a personality is refreshing to meet, but when one is nearly sixty years old, as I was, its effect is like that of new wine. It exhilarates, it refreshes, it inspires. I felt younger myself at that moment than I had done for many years, and had indeed been so much attracted and fascinated by my new friend that I had been quite unmindful of the flight of time. Having discovered by

means of the bells ringing for vespers that it was already six o'clock, I began to take my leave with many apologies for so protracted a visit.

"Don't mention it," said Mr. Wiloughby; "I should have had no idea of the time myself if you had not told me. And when and where, Signor Romagno, may I give myself the pleasure of returning your call?"

"I have a room in the inn not far down the road," I answered, "and I am generally there at this time of year after six in the evening."

"Good," he said, "I shall look you up," and we parted, with I can only hope as pleasant an impression on his side as on mine.

*(To be continued.)*

## THE MURDER OF THE DUKE OF GANDIA.

IN the year 1497 a crime was committed in Rome which made an extraordinary impression not only on the careless minds of the pleasure-loving Romans, accustomed as they were to dark and secret tragedies, but also on the imaginations of people dwelling far away to whom the actors in the affair were not personally known. The force of this impression was due partly to the fact that the victim was the son of a Pope, and of a Pope moreover whose name was never mentioned without some word of fear or hatred; for it was Roderigo Borgia who occupied the holy chair, and his crimes were a byword throughout the world. The family and station of the murdered man would alone have made the affair a nine days' wonder in Italy; but a more permanent interest has been stamped on it by certain circumstances which lift the story out of the mere ruck of brutality which filled Rome in those days, and make it well worthy of attention even now.

It will never be necessary to preface any record of events in Rome during the last years of the fifteenth century by a description of the character of Alexander the Sixth, the second Borgia Pope. His is one of those names which, justly or unjustly, carries with it even now a certain thrill of dread, such as one feels in speaking of Nero or Caligula. History has searched with little success for redeeming qualities in the character of this villainous old man. One indeed there was with which a certain sympathy can be felt, namely the passionate affection which he lavished on his

children, for whose welfare he laboured with all the energy of his unscrupulous nature. It was the Duke of Gandia, the eldest surviving and the best-loved of these children, who now perished beneath the knife of an unknown assassin; and it is to his more terrible brother, Cæsar Borgia, that the guilt of the murder has been usually attributed during all the centuries which have since gone by, whether on sufficient evidence or not, being one of the points which will presently be investigated.

The historian who values truth may well hesitate before pronouncing on the characters of the chief members of the Borgia family. The histories and chronicles of the period are filled with stories of Alexander, of Cæsar, and of Lucretia which, taken together, paint their portraits in colours so much darker than those of ordinary humanity as to necessitate a strict examination of the evidence on which the delineation rests; for it is one of the unwritten laws of history that an assertion which imputes exceptional wickedness to any individual is to be tested far more carefully than one which squares with the ordinary qualities of humanity. This is mere justice to those who cannot now defend themselves; yet it is a work of infinite labour and responsibility. It was performed by Gregorovius on behalf of Lucretia Borgia, whose character, freed from the accretions of four centuries, proves to have been in many respects grossly slandered by her contemporaries. Alexander and Cæsar remain sketched for posterity as monsters, men in whose characters there

was no good thing, scarce any human pity or kindness, nothing more than a ruthless determination to gain by whatever means place and power in the world. It may be so, though this is not the occasion for discussing so great a question; but there are no grounds for regarding the character of the Duke of Gandia as an historical puzzle, or for looking on him as other than a listless, good-natured debauchee, popular enough in the corrupt society among which he lived, but wholly lacking in that force of character which makes the very names of his father and his brother Cesar terrible still.

Weak as the Duke of Gandia was, the Pope loved him with even more than the passionate love which he wasted on his other children; and seeing in his eldest son the hope of his house, he devoted his immense and unscrupulous energies to carving out a principality for him. His first scheme was to appropriate the lands of some of the Roman barons on whom he was waging a more or less open war; but this plan failed, and the Pope then fell back on the easier device of despoiling Holy Church. He proposed to the sacred college that the city of Benevento together with Terracina, Pontecorvo, and the outlying districts, should be erected into a duchy and conferred on the Duke of Gandia. So timid or so venal were the cardinals that, with one honourable exception, they not only approved but loudly applauded this alienation of Church lands; and even the vice-chancellor, Cardinal Sforza, whose unholy support of the Pope had long since been exchanged for an equally unclean opposition, welcomed the proposal as cordially as the rest.

Whether this outward show of complaisance did not cloak a deeper feeling which it was not safe to

express is a question which may fairly occur to anyone who ponders over the subsequent events. But if such a feeling existed it found no voice. The scheme proceeded, the duchy was created, and the Duke was formally invested at a solemn consistory. Almost at the same moment a high dignity was conferred on Cesar Borgia, who, despite the opposition of the cardinals, was nominated by the Pope to be Papal Legate at the approaching coronation of the King of Naples.

On the evening before Cesar's departure on this honourable mission Vanozza, his mother, gave a farewell supper in her vineyard, near San Maria in Vincola. The Pope was not present, but most of the members of the Borgia family were there and in the highest spirits, as well they might be at a time of such prosperity for their name. The newly created Duke of Benevento, backed as he was by the whole force of the papacy, might naturally look to be the chief subject in the realm of Naples; while if his influence grew powerful enough to lead him some day to the throne itself, the turn of fortune would be by no means unexampled in medieval Italy. Cesar's prospects were perhaps less brilliant; and it has been argued that his fierce and savage temper must have been unendurably galled by seeing his weaker brother become the founder of a line of princes, if not of kings, while he, though he might like other cardinals acquire vast wealth and unlimited influence over affairs, could gain no further step in rank, being debarred from the holy chair by the stigma of his birth. It may have been so, though there is no evidence that Cesar did really so estimate the position; and it cannot be out of place to observe that those who have followed most closely the career of this extraordinary man, who are best

aware how few were the elements in the corrupt society of the day which had the slightest chance of successfully resisting his ruthless energy and his indomitable will, may well hesitate before assigning limits to what he might have achieved, or prophesying that any obstacle was beyond his power to overcome.

These are not futile speculations; for indeed the student, anxious to do justice even to this dark and terrible man who has been the execration of four centuries, cannot choose but strive and strive again to divine what was in his mind as he sat at supper near his brother on that June evening in the year 1497. If it be true, as posterity has agreed to believe, that he was devising fratricide, he allowed no trace of hatred to be seen, and nothing occurred to interrupt the gaiety of the party. The evening was not far advanced when a masked man, habited like a servant, came to the Duke's seat and whispered in his ear. The incident attracted little attention, for the mask had been seen to come to the Duke almost daily during the past month, always bringing some secret communication which he delivered in the same way; while those who were acquainted with the Duke's mode of life were at no loss in ascribing this mystery to some lingering feeling of decency and self-respect.

Shortly after he had received this communication the Duke rose from table, pleading an engagement in Rome; and Cæsar excused himself also, on the ground that he had appointed to set out for Naples early on the following morning, and must therefore bid farewell to the Pope before his Holiness retired for the night. The two brothers left in company: their mules were at the gate of the vineyard; and with a small train of servants they rode back into

the Holy City,—so named even then, when the title was the ghastliest of mockeries. At the Palazzo Borgia, then the residence of the Vice-chancellor Cardinal Sforza, the brothers parted. Cæsar took the road leading to the Vatican. The Duke dismissed all his servants except a single groom; and, taking up the masked man, who had come to him in the vineyard, upon the crupper of his mule, he rode away towards the Piazza Giudea, where he dismissed the groom also, telling the fellow to wait for him in that spot an hour before midnight, but not to wait long, implying that it was uncertain whether he would come or no. And so the Duke and the mask rode away alone together; whither they went, or on what errand, is one of the unsolved mysteries of time.

How Cæsar spent the remainder of that night is another question which still awaits an answer. According to Tomasi (whose biography of Cæsar was published in 1655) he was not seen openly by anyone in Rome from the moment of his farewell to the Pope until his return from Naples. But this assertion is one among many grounds for distrusting Tomasi's narrative, for it is abundantly established that Cæsar did not set out for Naples that night, nor indeed for several weeks; and when this author goes on to preface a confessedly supposititious account of how Cæsar waited for his brother and slew him with the words "many conjectures make it probable," we may fairly ask whether fratricide is to be imputed on conjecture, and whether history, even in its byways, cannot demand a surer basis.

It is, however, certain that the Duke of Gandia did not return to the Vatican. In the morning this circumstance was reported to the Pope, who, being well aware that



for any irregularity in the movements of his sons there was probably some disgraceful reason, would not permit enquiry to be made, stating his conviction that the truant would return when the approach of night enabled him to do so unobserved. But, as the day went on, strange reports began to fly about Rome. A priest, sleeping in the precinct of St. Peter's, had been roused in the night by a terrible noise, and peering affrightedly down into the church, had seen it filled with torches flitting to and fro where no mortal bearers could have been. Though this event had no obvious connection with the disappearance of the Duke, it was universally regarded as an evil augury, and had its share in exciting the minds of the Romans. When therefore later in the day the Duke's mule was found straying homewards with one stirrup-leather hanging loose while the other had been slashed off, evidently by a sword-stroke, the idea of a tragedy at once began to circulate through the city. Ere long it became known that the groom, who took the Duke's orders on the previous night, had been found crawling along the roadway mortally wounded, and that in the very act of making some statement about his master he had died without finishing his sentence. By this time the Pope's anxiety could no longer be subdued. Night had fallen and the Duke had not appeared. Searchers scoured Rome in every direction. An impression gained ground that the luckless youth had been murdered and thrown into the Tiber. The boatmen were questioned, and at length one George, a Slavonian, was encountered, who told the following tale.

"On Wednesday evening," he said, "I had landed the produce of my nets; and while I watched the fish, was getting what sleep I could in

my boat, when I saw two men come out on the main road from the left-hand corner of our church of San Hieronymo. It was five o'clock in the morning, and from the movements of the men it was evident that they had come to see whether the road was clear of passers-by. Having satisfied themselves that no one was about, they went back behind the church, and a minute later two more came out and made a similar reconnaissance with the same result; whereupon they beckoned to their comrades and a man appeared mounted on a white horse, carrying on the crupper behind him the body of a dead man, whose head and arms hung down on one side and his legs on the other. Two of the men held the body up, while the others watched the road. The rider, who wore a gold-hilted sword, backed his horse towards the river at that spot where refuse of all kinds is discharged into the water; and the two who were with him, after heaving the body up once or twice ineffectually, hoisted it over the parapet, and let it fall with a splash. Then the rider, who seemed to have turned his face away to avoid the horror of the sight, asked whether the fellows 'had thrown it in'; and as if reassured by the answer, '*Sì, signor,*' he turned and looked down at the water. The dead man's mantle had loosed itself from his body and was floating down the stream; seeing which, the cavalier asked what that black thing was swimming. The fellows answered that it was nothing but his mantle, and gathering up stones, they sank it to the bottom. A moment later they all went away together, following the main road for a short distance, and then taking the lane that leads to San Giacomo." On being asked the natural question why he had not at once reported this to the authorities so that the men might

have been followed with some prospect of success, George made the following very grim reply. "In the time that I have spent plying my trade upon the river I have seen dead men thrown into it a hundred times in the same way, and no questions asked on any one occasion. I did not therefore see the need for departing from my custom of minding my own business and leaving all such dangerous affairs alone."

A multitude of boatmen were set to drag the Tiber; and about noon on the following day they hooked up a sack into which was crammed the body of the luckless youth, gaily dressed in the dark green hose which he had donned for his mother's banquet, still wearing his dagger sheathed by his side but stabbed with five deadly wounds, and having a wide gash in his throat.<sup>1</sup>

The discovery of the body was followed by a scene of terrible excitement in the city; and the Romans, fearing apparently that the Spaniards, who were both numerous and powerful, would exact some dire vengeance for the fate of one whom they regarded as a chief among their party, retreated precipitately to their homes. The shops were shut, and through the deserted streets parties of Spaniards coursed furiously, brandishing drawn swords and vociferating that they were betrayed. Meanwhile a Venetian at that time in Rome, being, as he said, very curious for news, was on the bridge which spanned the Tiber near the castle of St. Angelo, when he heard such an outcry as hardly seemed to be produced by human voices; and above the tumult he could distinguish the

sonorous voice of the Pope who, roaring like an animal in his uncontrollable grief, bewailed in this frantic manner the death of his worthless Absalom.

Such are all the certain facts which can be collected. The Governor of Rome was directed to probe the story to the bottom. He examined many people, but found no one who could tell him whither the Duke rode on the last night of his life, or who was the masked man by whom he was accompanied, if not guided, on this fatal expedition. The enquiry had lasted just a fortnight when it was dropped by order of the Pope.

This curious circumstance, that the enquiry was closed by the very person who appears to have been most interested in pursuing it, is one among several reasons for suspecting Caesar Borgia of the murder,—reasons indeed which have appeared so strong to most writers on the subject, both contemporary and modern, that with scant hesitation the majority of them have laid the guilt at Caesar's door, often with as much confidence as if the charge were proved up to the hilt, instead of being, as it is, supported by nothing more than suspicion based on the statements of certain persons living at the time. On such statements every man is free to form his own opinion; and as it cannot be a matter of indifference, even to a character so stained with crime as that of Caesar Borgia, whether this peculiarly terrible act is, or is not, justly attributed to him, it is in some sense a measure of justice to test the evidence. The cause of truth, which is that of history, can never suffer from a patient hearing of both sides.

In commencing this enquiry one naturally turns first to the aforesaid biography of Caesar Borgia by Tomaso Tomasi. This work, which appeared one hundred and fifty years after

<sup>1</sup> This does not quite tally with the story told by George, who saw the body hanging over the hindquarters of a horse; but it may have been thrust into the sack when the men were seen by him struggling behind the parapet.

Cæsar's death, cannot of course claim the value of a contemporary record. It was dedicated to Vittoria della Rovere, a relative of that Pope Julius the Second who was the Borgia's fiercest enemy. The very title-page of the book, which has probably done more than any other to brand Cæsar Borgia with the shame of almost incredible iniquities, might therefore raise doubts as to its absolute fairness; while when we open it, all such doubts are at once removed by the passionate invective which storms along its pages. It is the work of a man too angry to search for evidence. He knows Cæsar to be a fiend, and he takes that as an admitted fact for the basis of his narrative. To his mind it is not for a moment doubtful that Cæsar contrived the murder of his brother. He even knows that the actual assassins were four in number, and can give us word for word the long oration, most beautifully phrased, which Cæsar made to encourage them on the evening before the deed, a speech which no other writer gives, which could only have been obtained from some one of the murderers, who were never identified, and which is beyond doubt a mere rhetorical exercise of the writer. The book is, in short, a brief for the prosecution; yet even Tomasi lets the truth slip out. "Of the slaying of the Duke," he admits, "whatever may be said by others, the circumstances could not be certainly known, since they were buried as deeply by the authority of him who executed them as by the shades of night." This is the exact truth; and as Tomasi was conscious of it at least once in the course of his work, we need feel no surprise on laying down the book to find that it contains nothing whatever which deserves the name of evidence against Cæsar Borgia or any other person.

We pass backwards from Tomasi to the age in which Cæsar lived, and examine the accounts of men who were his contemporaries. The result is disappointing to one who searches for a reasonable basis of conviction. Guicciardini, Machiavelli, Giovio, all believe that Cæsar was the murderer; but while stating their belief, they have neglected to record the grounds of it. No one of them can tell us where Cæsar spent the night of the murder, whither the Duke of Gandia rode, who the masked man was who sat behind him on his mule. One can only conclude that these mysteries were as dark to them as they are to us. What they give us may claim to be regarded as the current opinion of their time, a thing of interest and of a certain value, but one on which all experience teaches us not to lean as if it were the rock.

Passing still further back towards the time of the murder we find, three years after it was committed, the first public declaration of belief in Cæsar's guilt. The Venetian ambassador, Polo Capello, delivering in the Senate his account of what he had achieved and learned during his embassy at Rome, used these words: "*Etiam amazò il fratello* (also he slew his brother)."

The Venetian ambassadors were generally well informed, and this statement by Capello is certainly the most solid piece of evidence which can be produced against Cæsar, being made doubtless with a full sense of responsibility on an important public occasion by a man who must certainly have known the opinions of the best informed persons of the Roman court, and who may conceivably have had certain warrant for his words. Indeed, if Capello had been ambassador in Rome at the time of the murder, the highest importance must have been attached to his judgment. But this

was not so. Nearly two years had passed before he presented his credentials to the Pope. The enquiry, as we saw, was hushed up at the end of a fortnight. Therefore Capello's is not first-hand testimony; and as he does not tell us on what grounds he formed his judgment, we can hardly set it down as more than a statement of current public opinion, which may have been either right or wrong. It is certainly somewhat more important than that of the historians, since it approaches more nearly the date of the crime.

So great a writer as Gregorovius appears to argue that Capello's assertion should be taken as conclusive, because it cannot be presumed that he would have stated as a certainty what was really nothing more than a presumption, however strong. Perhaps not; but, as it happens, we are in a position to estimate the trust-worthiness of Capello's information by another story about Caesar which he told the Senate on the same occasion. "And another time he slew with his own hand under the very mantle of the Pope, thrown round him for protection, that Messer Peroto, the Pope's favourite, so that Peroto's blood spurted over the Pope's face."

Now if this terrible story were true, one writer whose work remains must have known it, namely, Jean Burchard, master of ceremonies to the Pope, whose Latin diary, written with care and detail from day to day, is one of the most valuable authorities for the events occurring at the Borgia's court. Burchard gives us quite a different, and a much less dramatic, story of Peroto's death. On the 14th of February, 1498, he writes: "Perottus, who on the 8th of this month fell into the Tiber, not of his free will (*non libenter*) was found in the river, and about him many things are said in the city." But, it may be said,

Burchard perhaps feared to record the truth; Peroto may have been stabbed first and thrown into the river afterwards. Let us turn to another authority, of Capello's own city, a man having access to the best information and possessed with a perfect passion for arriving at the truth,—Marin Sanuto, the value of whose diaries is known to every student of this period of Italian history. We find Sanuto confirming Burchard, adding only one or two particulars about the manner of the drowning. It will hardly be maintained that the joint authority of Burchard and Sanuto who wrote at the time of the occurrence is of less weight than the unsupported statement of Capello, whose opportunities of gaining information did not commence until Peroto had been dead for fifteen months. Doubtless he reported to the Senate what he and many other persons believed to be true; but the inference is almost irresistible that it was not true, and that he was wrong.

Burchard's account of the circumstances which preceded and followed the murder of the Duke of Gandia is that which has been given in these pages. It contains no suggestion whether expressed or implied as to the authorship of the crime; but this silence cannot be adduced, as Roscoe argued, in exculpation of Cæsar Borgia. For the diary has no sooner recorded all the unquestionable facts of the affair, when, at the point where the writer might have been expected to set down his suspicions, if not his knowledge, as to where the guilt lay, the diary suddenly breaks off, to be resumed only after an interval of many weeks and without further allusion to the matter. It is easy to guess at reasons for this exasperating hiatus; but scarcely worth while to consider any other than the most probable, which is that Burchard found it would be dangerous to set

down all he knew. If this was so, of course the inference is that some very high personage was concerned, whether Cæsar Borgia or another.

This is very uncertain ground; there is firmer treading when we turn to the diaries of Marin Sanuto. These diaries were the work of a man whose life was spent, for the most part, not in writing history but in collecting materials for it; and who for this very reason was not exposed to the temptation of sacrificing truth to a telling phrase, or of giving life to a dull passage by inserting a sensational story which was not certainly true. His industry in searching for the fact was equalled only by his accuracy in recording it; while his social standing and his reputation as a scholar enabled him to supplement the official information open to him in Venice by the reports of trustworthy private correspondents in many other cities. His testimony therefore on any event occurring within the long period covered by his diaries is of indisputable value, if not of absolute authority.

Sanuto has much to tell us about the murder, which he evidently regarded as a striking and important public event. His account of the circumstances agrees in all important details with that of Burchard. But the reasons, whatever they may have been, which led the Roman diarist to stay his pen had no force in Venice; and Sanuto gives us not only the letters of Niccolò Michel, at that time Venetian ambassador in Rome, but also notes down from time to time during the next six months the various reports which reached him from his private correspondents in the Holy City.

These documents, full and interesting as they are, contain nothing which can be understood as fastening suspicion on Cæsar. If we may accept

his diary as a complete record of his knowledge on the subject,—and surely this is but reasonable—Sanuto not only did not suspect Cæsar, but had not heard that anyone else suspected him. This may be said confidently to be the state of Sanuto's knowledge up to the date of his last reference to the murder, which was written more than six months after the event. Of course he must subsequently have become aware of the accusations in Capello's speech, but the fact that he made no correcting entry in his diary tends to show that he attached no importance to what Capello said.

Who then did murder the Duke of Gandia? Naturally Sanuto has asked himself this question, and he supplies some materials for answering it,—though, true to his business of amassing materials rather than of sifting them, he confines himself to setting down the various reports which reached him.

On the tenth day after the murder, Sanuto tells us, letters reached Venice from the ambassador in Rome, to the effect that a solemn consistory had been held a few days earlier, when all the cardinals then in Rome, with one solitary exception, came forward to tender individually their condolences to the Pope on the terrible calamity which he had sustained. When the last had spoken and retired, the Pope addressed them in words which show how deeply the stroke that slew his son had pierced his own heart, and which may indeed have been the only expression of true feeling and repentance that the proud and rebellious sinner ever uttered. "The death of the Duke of Gandia," he said in broken accents, "has been the greatest grief which we could have to bear; for we loved him marvellously, and cared more for no other thing, no, not for the Papacy itself. Yea, if we had seven Papacies

we would give them all to regain the life of the Duke, which God, perhaps, reft from him for some sin of ours, since he had done nothing to earn so terrible an end." Alexander then mentioned that suspicion had fallen on Giovanni Sforza, Lucretia's husband, who but a short time previously had made a headlong retreat from Rome, leaving his wife behind for reasons which, though not certainly known, may possibly have had their root in an equal dislike of poison and the dagger; on the Duke of Squillace, Gandia's younger brother, who had certainly a strong and terrible motive for hating the dead man, if indeed he did so hate him; and on the Duke of Urbino. "God pardon him," he concluded, "whoever he may have been. For our part we have resolved to give no further thought whether to the Papacy or to our own life, but to hand over the better ordering of the one and the correction of the other to six of you, our brothers the Cardinals, whom we will presently name."

Such was Alexander's public profession of abasement and of unfitness even to regulate his private life. But who was the absent cardinal on this solemn and remarkable occasion? It was Ascanio Sforza, whose office, that of Vice-chancellor, was of the first importance at the Papal Court. So noticeable was his absence on this occasion that he had not chosen to leave it unexplained; and the Spanish ambassador, Don Gracilasso Della Vega, rising when the Pope had finished, delivered an apology for the Vice-chancellor, who had commissioned him to express his condolences with the Pope, and to explain that he had abstained from offering them in person on account of the rumours which were connecting him with the crime,—rumours, he added, which not only led him to fear violence from the Spaniards,

if he left his palace, but which it was even possible that his Holiness might have credited. To this the Pope replied: "God forbid that we should harbour such a fancy, or think his Reverence could do the slightest wrong, for we have regarded him as a brother."

It is this Cardinal Sforza to whom Sanuto ascribes the murder; and it is plain that within five days of the event there were so many men in Rome of the same opinion as gave the Vice-chancellor cause to fear for his life. But it will be said the Pope himself brushed aside these suspicions with a public profession of his love for Sforza. He did; but his words, so far from destroying the case against the Vice-chancellor, go some way to strengthen it; for it is impossible to believe that the Pope was sincere. His relations with Sforza had long been such as to make the profession of brotherly feeling absurd; and there was at the very moment of the murder a fresh and bitter cause of quarrel between the Pope and the Duke of Gandia on the one side and the Vice-chancellor on the other.

This Cardinal Sforza was brother of Ludovic, "the Moor," who murdered his nephew and usurped his duchy of Milan, and who invited the French into Italy, thus bringing on his own country for his own ambitious ends miseries and sorrows which no human intelligence can number, and whose manifold treacheries were fast alienating every ally from his side. Ascanio had been one of the chief agents in that unequalled act of simony by which the Borgia planted himself in St. Peter's chair. His vote and the votes of his followers were bought, so Burchard assures us, with no less than four mule-loads of silver, in addition to the coveted prize of the Vice-chancellorship. Indeed it was well worth while for the Borgia to gain as an



adherent the brother of the Duke of Milan, who was by natural position one of the four chief potentates of the peninsula, and who seemed not unlikely at that moment to play a part much greater than any previous occupant of his throne. Thus the Pope lent a willing ear to the proposal of marriage between his daughter, Lucretia, and Giovanni Sforza, Lord of Pesaro, a near relation of the Duke and the Vice-chancellor; and by this marriage the alliance which the Borgia desired with the power of Milan was sealed and cemented.

Not many months had passed, however, before a great and terrible change occurred in the political atmosphere. Ludovic definitely pledged himself to France. The invasion of Charles the Eighth began to loom through the troubled air. The young King was backed by the Pope's bitter enemy, Cardinal di San Pietro in Vincula, afterwards Pope Julius the Second, who was known to desire nothing more ardently than to see the reform of the Church begun by his own installation in the Borgia's place. The Pope took fright, and drew nearer to the King of Naples, against whom the French expedition was directed. So great a discord thus grew up between the Pope and the Vice-chancellor that the latter left Rome, and even five months later when the French were nearing the Holy City refused to return unless he could be assured of his personal safety. That his life had been in danger is shown by the fact that he demanded a hostage of rank before he would return to discuss the position of affairs; and as it was Cæsar Borgia who was sent as guarantee of the Cardinal's safety, one may safely conclude that the danger anticipated was from the Pope himself.

This happened in the year 1494. One cannot here follow in detail all

the relations between the Pope and the Vice-chancellor up to the date of the Duke of Gandia's murder. It must suffice to say that as there was so little brotherly feeling between them in 1494 that thoughts of murder were clearly entertained, so on a later occasion their intercourse was so far embittered that the Cardinal again demanded a hostage before he would place himself within reach of the Pope. These are assuredly strange proofs of brotherly affection.

But this was ancient history at the time of the murder; let us see what was the actual condition of affairs at that date. Sanuto, writing up his diary in December, 1497,—six months after the murder, and when, it might be supposed, a sufficient interval had passed to enable him to sift the false reports from the true,—makes the following entry.

Concerning the death of the Duke of Gandia. From letters received from Rome we learn that the cause of the death was as follows. Cardinal Ascanio, the Vice-chancellor, invited to dine with him many lords and men of note, among them being the Duke of Gandia. Whilst they sat at table an altercation sprang up. The Duke flung the word "coward" at some of those present; they retorted with a still more offensive taunt, which galled the Duke so much that he sprang up, left the table, and straightway sought the Pope, complaining that he had been insulted. The Pope was highly incensed, and despatched messengers to Ascanio ordering him to send those who had insulted the Duke to the palace forthwith. Ascanio replied by begging the Pope not to make too much of the matter, for that he would come and explain it. The messengers, on reporting this answer to the Pope were at once sent back, and this time they were armed, and entering forcibly into the Vice-chancellor's palace,—in defiance of the franchise of Cardinals, whose houses cannot lawfully be violated—they demanded the man who had insulted the Duke, saying that the Pope meant to have him at all hazards. Thus yielding to force, Ascanio gave up the culprit,

begging that the Pope would use no violence, but would wait till the morning when he would explain all to his Holiness. However when morning came, it appeared that the man, who was one of the Cardinal's chamberlains, had been summarily hanged; which cruelty was resented by many persons, especially by the relations and friends of the sufferer, who was a man of rank. The Duke, satisfied with having tasted revenge, went about Rome gaily; but the Pope cautioned him to go carefully.

We may imagine how fiercely Ascanio must have resented this gross insult to his person and his privileges, and the smallest acquaintance with the spirit of the times will convince us that the Pope's warning to the Duke was by no means superfluous. Will anyone credit the existence of "brotherly feeling" between two men who were divided by such an offence as this, occurring as it did upon the avowed hostility of years? Can it be believed that the Pope was sincere, that his words were not, in plain English, a lie? With what object this lie was told, what were the reasons which induced him to disclaim openly a suspicion which he could not but have entertained in his heart, it would be futile to enquire. There are no materials for arriving at a judgment.

Let us summarise what has been said. The charge against Cæsar Borgia of complicity in his brother's murder rests first on the existence of an apparent motive, and secondly on the opinion, expressed but unsupported, of many of his contemporaries. The motive, if prompted by ambition, did not necessitate Gandia's murder, since Cæsar's force of character was such that he could have won the Pope's consent to any scheme of aggrandisement which he chose to form.

Another motive has been suggested, namely, a rivalry with the Duke in a certain intrigue; and certainly this rivalry constitutes a case for suspicion against Cæsar, who was quite capable of killing either his brother or anyone else who stood in his way. But to discover a motive is not to prove Cæsar's guilt. As has been shown, Cardinal Sforza also had excellent reasons for killing the Duke of Gandia; and the best informed judgment in Rome both at the time and for six months afterwards held that he had done so. As one passes further away from the time, one finds a growing idea that Cæsar was the murderer; but the years in which this belief grew and found expression are those in which the tremendous force and ruthlessness of the man's character was manifesting itself to an Italy lying spell-bound before him, palsied by the terror which was his strongest weapon, and hating him as the weak always hate the strong. This is the soil in which true impressions starve and legends flourish. Such legends incrust the whole history of the Borgias; and this fact warns us to receive with caution the beliefs of contemporaries who might so easily have recorded the circumstances which convinced them, but who fail to do so.

This is no plea for Cæsar Borgia. I have desired to maintain nothing more than that the evidence on the subject of this terrible crime does not justify the confident assertion of Cæsar's guilt which has been almost universally made, and that the claims of another candidate for that bad eminence have been insufficiently considered.

A. H. NORWAY.

TENNYSON.<sup>1</sup>

LORD TENNYSON's memoir of his father is a book which it would be pleasant to praise, but a review of it would be foreign to the purpose of this essay. Yet the subject cannot be dismissed without a word as to the spirit in which so honourable a task has been accomplished. The book can give pain to no one, and from the first page to the last there is not a name mentioned in it but in charity at least, if not in kindness. Tennyson's temper would seem to have had this of greatness, that it drew out the best nature of those who met him. Old Rogers figures here in almost a lovable aspect; and in all that has been written of Carlyle, I have read nothing that sketched him with such a tenderness of humour. One realises how great must have been Lady Tennyson's share in the work; the record of Carlyle's rough gentleness to her is essentially a woman's record. Thus the book adds much that is interesting and beautiful to our knowledge, not only of Tennyson in his domestic life but of his intimates. On Tennyson the artist, however, and upon his poems, it throws very little new light; simply because revelations are impossible when there is nothing to reveal.

No poetry was ever more interpenetrated with its author's personality than that of Tennyson, yet it was strangely little affected by the incidents of his life. The man in him lived singularly within himself, singularly self-contained, singularly un-

changing. His poems were the utterance of a deep central nature slowly shaping itself into words, not, as for instance Byron's were, the cry or the retort of that inner nature in response to some attack from the outside. IN MEMORIAM, it is true, came to birth under the stimulus of a great sorrow; yet who doubts that, if Arthur Hallam had lived to the full measure of a lifetime, the substance of IN MEMORIAM would still have been written in some other form? Indeed the central thought of the poem was repeated, and more than once, in the half articulate cry of a lyric, as for example in VASTNESS:

Spring and Summer and Autumn and  
Winter, and all these old revolutions  
of earth;

All new-old revolutions of Empire—  
change of the tide—what is all of  
it worth?

What the philosophies, all the sciences,  
poesy, varying voices of prayer?

All that is noblest, all that is basest, all  
that is filthy with all that is fair?

What is it all, if we all of us end but in  
being our own corpse-coffins at last,  
Swallow'd in Vastness, lost in Silence,  
drowned in the deeps of a mean-  
ingless Past?

What but a murmur of gnats in the  
gloom, or a moment's anger of  
bees in their hive?—

Peace, let it be! for I loved him and  
love him for ever; the dead are  
not dead but alive.

The faith which gave to life its significance for Tennyson was the faith in a continued life after death, and sooner or later that was bound to find expression in a poet's confession of faith. Hallam's death pressed the questioning home upon him, but it

<sup>1</sup> ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON: *A Memoir by his Son*. In two volumes, London, 1897.

added no new element ; Tennyson was unchanged by the shock. There is no spasm in the development of his nature, no sudden leap, but a steady harmonious maturing from flower into fruit. Of such a process biography can tell us nothing except that it went on ; and the result of a temper with such power of self-sufficing is a life so level that it has no crises to record.

Yet in his life there was one critical decision which had to be taken, more significant than anything else. At their father's death the Tennysons were left without much money ; Alfred Tennyson had just means enough to live at home and devote himself to poetry without being a burden on his mother. Naturally enough he chose to do so, and follow the bent of his whole life. But there came the choice which presents itself to almost every artist, unless he be exceptionally lucky or unlucky. Tennyson fell in love, wanted to marry, and where was the money ? He might undoubtedly have earned a competence by throwing himself into some form of journalism and trusted to the future for an opportunity to do his true work. But his mind was quite clear that to produce literature primarily for money and not for itself was the damnation of a poet, and his first loyalty was to his art. He met Miss Emily Sellwood in 1830, when he was twenty-one and she seventeen, and a few years later became informally engaged to her. Yet he would not compromise his principles even so far as to accept the offers of magazines who wanted verses from him. In 1840 Miss Sellwood's parents broke off an engagement which seemed to promise no termination, and for ten years all correspondence was forbidden between the pair. In 1850 they met again ; Tennyson's fame was now established, he saw his way to offering marriage, and married accordingly they were, but not till he

was forty-one and she thirty-seven. The unique good fortune which made of his later life a triumphal progress was with him in this also ; but, as none who reads his life, or has read his writings, will doubt that the happiness of his marriage was the chiefest of all life's gifts to him, so must that long-deferred attainment have meant the supreme self-denial in his life-long service of art. It was one self-denial among many, yet, were it the only one, it alone would suffice to prove that Tennyson was no spoiled child of fortune, but had to eat the bread of bitterness and drink the waters of affliction for long years in the desert before he attained to that amazing prosperity which still dazzles our judgment.

For if you come to think of it no man of our race, within living memory, except the Duke of Wellington, has died in such greatness. In poetry he had reached a more unchallenged supremacy than any poet since Pope. Like Pope he lived to see himself the standard of poetic style, the elaborator of a new perfection in language ; like Pope he attained to riches which even a successful merchant would not disdain ; but how incomparably greater than Pope's was his happiness ! In his physical nature he was gifted with a union of stature and beauty such as alone would have distinguished him, if one could separate such beauty from the higher distinction of intellect. In his disposition, apart from superficial eccentricities, he was so gracious that friendships surrounded him and ripened with the years ; and though criticism could hurt him, jealousy had no hold upon his nature. The letters that passed between him and Browning are a thing to read and be thankful for, as one remembers Pope's miserable catalogue of suspicions, animosities, and stabblings. His domestic life was crowned with a

marriage such as many poets have written of but few realised; graced with children, and set in two such homes as, the *Memoir* may well say, certainly no other poet has ever called his own. The greatest men of his own day, not alone the men of letters, but soldiers, statesmen, men of science, and philosophers, looked up to him openly as a mind stronger than theirs, a name that would outlive theirs; nations sent him their tribute of praise and begged him to commemorate their heroes; a great Queen honoured and loved him. For a career so imperial in the majesty that art may bestow upon the fortunate, one must go back to Titian. And yet this man's empire was far wider than Titian's. The beauty that he fashioned could travel to the ends of the world, and was not confined to any place; it was not the luxury of the great but the possession of all. He stirred a public wider than ever Byron swayed, for wherever the English language was spoken he was known not merely as the poet, but as the teacher and comforter. Not alone from England, but from the wilds of Australia, from palaces and from poor men's homes, came messages of gratitude unlooked for, uncalled for, whose sincerity was not to be mistaken. And as one reads through these volumes and comes upon letters from Thackeray, from Jowett, from Mr. Gladstone, from Mr. Ruskin, in answer to each new volume, all ranking the poet with the very greatest, it is impossible not to feel an unwillingness to attempt any further criticism. To the praise of such men it is superfluous to add a common tribute; and if these men are mistaken who is likely to be in the right? Moreover any critic of the generation which has been brought up on Tennyson must be aware that his entire attitude towards poetry is affected by

that master; that he judges work from a technical standpoint at which Tennyson has placed him; in short, that what he knows of poetry he has largely learned from Tennyson. Yet some sort of effort has to be made to assign to this great man his place in the hierarchy of poets.

These volumes establish one thing conclusively; that Tennyson was to the vast majority of his own generation, and probably also in his own eyes, the poet of the *IDYLLS OF THE KING*. If you had asked Mr. Gladstone, or Jowett, or Thackeray, to justify their faith in their contemporary, it is to the *IDYLLS* that they would probably have pointed. Thackeray's letter after reading them might have turned the head of any poet. "You have made me as happy as I was as a child with *THE ARABIAN NIGHTS*, every step I have walked in Elfland has been a sort of Paradise to me. . . . Do you understand that what I mean is all true, and that I should break out, were you sitting opposite with a pipe in your mouth? . . . Gold and purple and diamonds, I say, gentlemen, and glory and love and honour, and if you haven't given me all these why should I be in such an ardour of gratitude?" Jowett writes: "The 'Lily Maid' seems to me the fairest, purest, sweetest love-poem in the English language. . . . It moves me like the love of Juliet in Shakespeare (though that is not altogether parallel), and I do not doubt, whatever opinions are expressed about it, that it will in a few years be above criticism. There are hundreds and hundreds of all ages (and men as well as women) who, although they have not died for love (have no intention of doing so), will find them a sort of ideal consolation of their own troubles and remembrances. Of the other poems I admire 'Vivien' the most (the naughty

one), which seems to me a work of wonderful power and skill. . . . The allegory in the distance *greatly strengthens, also elevates, the meaning of the poem*. I shall not bore you with criticisms. It struck me what a great number of lines—

He makes no friends who never made  
a foe—

Then trust me not at all, or all in  
all—

will pass current on the lips of men, which I always regard as a great test of excellence, for it is saying the thing that everybody feels." And in 1893 he added: "Tennyson has made the Arthur legend a great revelation of human experience and of the thoughts of many hearts." Mr. Gladstone in his criticism declares that, "We know not where to look in history or letters for a nobler or more over-powering conception of man as he might be than in the Arthur of this volume. Wherever he appears, it is as the great pillar of the moral order and the resplendent top of human excellence."

These quotations may suffice to establish my point: that the IDYLLS OF THE KING were the work of Tennyson which readers of all classes most readily took to their hearts. Yet at the present moment who can deny that the general trend of opinion has changed? The IDYLLS have certainly passed into the national inheritance; no reader of poetry is ignorant of them; yet they are not the things which we turn to when we take Tennyson from the shelf. Jowett's forecast of a great accession from them to the store of detached poetic expression which "passes current on the lips of men" has been amply fulfilled; yet except the MORTE D'ARTHUR, a fragment composed far earlier than the rest, there is no single poem of them all

which retains its original hold on the imagination. Why is this? First, because they are allegories. No man can do two things together so well as one thing. If he describes a fight simply because he is possessed with the image of that fight, as Homer was, with the faces of the men fighting and the passion in their hearts, he will describe it better than a man who has also to be thinking of some other ideal contest. Take the three tiltings in GARETH AND LYNETTE; there are the encounters carefully distinguished in their details, but can you feel the thrill of battle in any one? Or take the love-scenes in the IDYLLS. How is a man to give you the passion, the tragedy, or the pathos of lawful and unlawful love if all the time his eye is on his allegory? In the beautiful poem of ELAINE, which so moved Jowett, the allegory is for a time happily in the background; it is only towards the end that we return to the bloodless moralisings. The poem is good as a poem just in proportion as it ceases to be interpretable into ethics, in proportion as the poet is concerned with his immediate subject and not with his ulterior purpose, in proportion as the characters assume flesh and blood and cease to be abstractions. Yet upon the whole is there any single figure, man or woman, in the IDYLLS who really lives as, not to name Achilles or Ulysses, Nausicaa lives, or Hector, or Helen; as Dido lives; or, to come lower, as even William of Deloraine lives and breathes? Not one, I think, not even Lancelot, humanised by a mixed nature and touched certainly with the poet's own lineaments. Gawain, Vivien, and the rest, get no fair play; they are types bound to do what they are bid; indeed, could any one of Tennyson's characters conceivably have run away with



its creator, as, for instance, Shylock probably did, so as to alter the pre-arranged conception? The essential thing in the poet's mind when he wrote the *IDYLLS* was not the story but the moral of the story. The *IDYLLS OF THE KING* were his message to his time, consciously didactic. They were, in the last resort, sermons; sermons which affected the whole race as no utterance from any pulpit could ever do, which raised unmistakably the national ideals; but which, being sermons, were half consciously shaped for a particular age and its particular requirements, and so have fallen into the decay that attends all moral exhortations. The poignant truth of one generation becomes the platitude of the next; each age requires its own prophets to stir it. Think of Pope's *ESSAY ON MAN*; that is a poem which in its way profoundly interested England and even France, which survives in admirable phrases, the condensation of its best thoughts, but which as a whole is superannuated. So, I fear, it will be with the legend which Tennyson, as Jowett says, made "a great revelation of human experience and of the thoughts of many hearts."

It is true the *IDYLLS* are narrative poems, and when their philosophy has ceased to interest,—it can never cease to influence for it has wrought itself into the very essence of Anglo-Saxon thought—men may still read them for the beauty of the tale. No sane man would deny that Tennyson wrote at times great narrative poetry; the ballad of *THE REVENGE* is there to prove it. But his inspiration was above all things lyrical, and no poet has been more responsible for the extraordinary extension given to the domain of lyrical poetry in this century. Poems like *TITHONUS*, *ULYSSES*, *THE REVENGE*, and *MORTE D'ARTHUR* are essentially lyrics; they are not

a song perhaps, but they are a chant. But *THE IDYLLS OF THE KING* are in great measure pure narrative, in great measure narratives of battle, a style which suited Tennyson's genius no better than it did Virgil's, the poet who is most of kin to him in temper and achievement. Tennyson, it is true, wrote one of the best war-songs ever written, *THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE*; but he wrote it when he, like the whole nation, was at fever-heat. Otherwise the fighting instinct finds no genuine voice in his poems. Even in *THE REVENGE* one does not enter into the fight; rather one feels the whole scene as if from a height, the contrast of numbers, the turmoil below, and the peaceful heavens above it.

And the sun went down, and the stars  
came out far over the summer sea,  
But never a moment ceased the fight of  
the one and the fifty-three.

It is Virgil's touch in the description of sacked and burning Troy; men are slaying, women shrieking, flames crackling,—

*Ferit aurea sidera clamor.*

There you see the man's true genius. Virgil, like Tennyson, tells of wars in his own golden utterance conscientiously; but you can see the relief to either when the hard narrative slips into a simile, or into the description of some softer beauty that their own eyes have gazed on. As Tennyson was encumbered with his allegory, so was Virgil hampered with his taste of celebrating imperial Rome; and the best things in the narrative work of each are those when the poet turns aside from his purpose; and as the true Virgil is to be sought not in the *ÆNEID* but in the *GEORGICS*, so is the true Tennyson to be sought outside the *IDYLLS*. Had only the conventions of art been

less rigid we might have had more of the lyrical Virgil; instead of wasting his time in stringing precepts of husbandry into metre he might have written more passages like that magnificent conclusion in the second *Georgic*, which Tennyson so loved and which certainly no man in any language has come nearer to rival.

It is interesting to trace in two old letters a forecast of what now almost every reader feels. "I am not sure," wrote Mr. Ruskin in 1860, "but I feel the art and finish in these poems a little more than I like to feel it. Yet I am not a fair judge quite, for I am so much of a realist as not by any possibility to interest myself much in an unreal subject to feel it as I should, and the very sweetness and stateliness of the words strike me all the more as *pure* workmanship. As a description of various nobleness and tenderness the book is without price; but I shall always wish it had been nobleness independent of a romantic condition of externals in general. . . . I cannot but think that the intense masterful and unerring transcript of an actuality and the relation of a story of any real human life as a poet would watch and analyse it, would make all men feel more or less what poetry was, as they felt what Life and Fate were in their instant workings. This seems to me the true task of the modern poet. And I think I have seen faces and heard voices by road and street side, which claimed or conferred as much as even the loveliest or saddest of Camelot." Ten years later, in 1870, Edward Fitzgerald acknowledged the volume containing *THE HOLY GRAIL*: "Dear old Alfred, I write about it what I might say to you were we together over a pipe, instead of so far asunder. The whole myth of Arthur's Round Table Dynasty in Britain presents itself before me with

a sort of cloudy, Stonehenge grandeur. I am not sure if the old knight's adventures do not tell upon me better touched in some lyrical way (like your own *LADY OF SHALOT*) than when elaborated into epic form. I never could care for Spenser, Tasso, or even Ariosto, whose epic has a ballad ring about it. Anyhow, Alfred, while I feel how pure, noble and holy your work is, and while phrases, lines, and sentences of it will abide with me, and I am sure with men after me, I read on till the Lincolnshire Farmer drew tears to my eyes. I was got back to the substantial rough-spun Nature I knew; and the old brute, invested by you with the solemn humour of Humanity, like Shakespeare's Shallow, became a more pathetic phenomenon than the knights who revisit the world in your other verse."

Surely there is the truth of the matter. Tennyson was a great lyrical poet endowed with a fine dramatic gift, a power of embodying human nature in a poem. He was not, I think, a dramatist, though dramatic writing makes so large a proportion of his whole; his genius found itself not in drama but in dramatic monologue. In *THE IDYLLS OF THE KING*, his most immediately popular work, he was neither lyrical nor dramatic; people were taken with the earnestness of his moral and with the novelty of the setting which he gave to tales so strange in themselves yet made so familiar by the magical touches of English landscape which pervaded the whole work. In *MAUD*, the poem where his originality most strongly asserted itself, he is at once dramatic and lyrical. He extends the sphere of the lyric to a dramatic narration; and the fresh form introduced into poetry roused significant hostility. What is novel, as the *IDYLLS* were, will always please and interest; what

is new, if it be a force, inevitably generates revulsion. Tennyson, who was acutely sensitive to criticism and unusually diffident, was almost out-faced into a disbelief in MAUD; for many years it would seem he only confessed his fondness for it with an apology; but to the last, and rightly, it was the favourite child of his imagination. MAUD is probably the only one of his long poems which will stand as a whole. THE PRINCESS, beautiful as it is, rests upon a fantastic framework that has no foundation in human nature. The poetry is squandered upon a triviality and outgrows the subject; yet not only the lyrics, which are imperishable, but some of the superb love-scenes at the end must surely survive. In MAUD alone one finds a story of true dramatic interest continuously narrated, a story thrilling with elemental human passion. Yet how characteristic of Tennyson that his single presentation of passion should be linked with the thought of madness; and even in MAUD love is not the disturber, it comes to allay fever, not to inflame it. "Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control;" there you have Tennyson's philosophy as embodied in his life, his art, and his teaching. He does not, like Browning, welcome the leap of our aboriginal self as making for good, as something that will stand to us when the trained control of a lifetime cracks in the stress; he believes in the disciplined mood, and that is in a certain sense his limitation. There is too little of the old Adam in him. Power manifested in repression rather than any passionate outbreak is for him the true subject of poetry; his delight is in the beauty of order; his most characteristic love poem of all is perhaps the splendid fragment LOVE AND DUTY. A mind so austere clothed itself strangely in that sensuous and luxuriant style; but in MAUD for

once the restraint is abandoned, and the poet sets himself to put into words the sheer joy of living, the uncalculating effervescence of youth.

The genesis of the poem is characteristic; it was written backwards. The stanzas beginning "O that 'twere possible" had been composed long before the rest, and even published; another lyric was produced to explain the situation, and so the thing grew. Whether the narrative, the whole monodrama, was originally present in some misty shape or no, whether it grew up by what Tennyson himself calls "unseen germination," as did his poem of the Grail, or whether it was simply devised when some asked him for the sense of a lyric which had been written by itself, a single cry of vague yearning, does not appear. One would incline to the last supposition, for even in MAUD the story is inferior to the poetry; the chief beauty of the work lies in the beauty of parts, not in the cumulative effect of the whole. Nevertheless Tennyson was never so well guided as when he hit upon this form; a drama told in the lyrical utterance of succeeding moods. For all his best work ultimately, I think, shapes itself down to that; the dramatic expression of single moods or even of a whole life's temper when it can be simplified down to the unity of lyrical expression. So in a way that is not less truly dramatic than it is lyrical he expresses the old farmer who stubbed Thornaby waste; so he renders the passion of Rizpah, her whole woman's nature up in revolt against the world that killed her son, and feverishly clutching still in her fancy at the dead bones that are not dead to her:

My baby, the bones that had sucked  
me, the bones that had laughed  
and had cried.

These are perhaps his highest

achievements as an artist, these are dramatic creations. Yet what the world asks above all of a lyrical poet is the expression of his own emotion ; and even more perhaps than *RIZPAH* or *THE NORTHERN FARMER*, it will cherish poems like *ULYSSES*, where Tennyson renders a temper not foreign to his own. In *MAUD*, too, and *LOCKSLEY HALL* the undescribed speaker is surely that visionary self whom every artist entertains and sees in fancied situations. What keeps a poet alive is what he can tell humanity about humanity, what he can render of the mysterious thrill of life, the laughter and the tears of things. A lyric poet may sometimes take on him the province of drama and make the world feel with some creature of his own ; but the world is always just as willing to feel with himself, to see life through his eyes. Only, it must be made to feel ; and that is where Tennyson sometimes fails. That is what will set a line between the dead and the living in his work after years have gone over him. He was not like Wordsworth who wrote vilely when inspiration was lacking. Tennyson never wrote, and could not write vilely ; in anything but the quality of giving life to his creations he was in almost every line that he wrote a great poet, scarcely in technical qualities inferior to Milton. It may be worth trying to separate the characteristics of his poetry which are common to all his work, from the finer and more essential spirit which will keep much of it, unless we are all strangely deluded, alive for ever.

The first is of course his style, and his style needs no praise. Tennyson could extract from the English language the richest harmonies without cumbering his line with polysyllables or any strangeness of diction. And all this rich melody never obscured the sense ; no poet has ever had a

finer instinct for the right and only word. Tennyson's skill in the use of language is scarcely less unapproachable than Titian's in form and colour. "The sunniest glow of life dwells in that soul," Carlyle wrote to him, "chequered duly with dark streaks from night and Hades ; everywhere one feels as if all were filled with yellow glowing sunlight, some gorgeous golden vapour ; from which form after form bodies itself ; naturally *golden forms*." And this style, this golden mystery of language, by whatever chemistry it came into being, was recognisable before he was out of his teens and did not fail him after eighty winters. Compare the earlier *CENONE* with the later, *LOCKSLEY HALL* with *LOCKSLEY HALL SIXTY YEARS AFTER* ; whatever has altered for the worse it is not the manner. Yet no one would place the later poems in these pairs on a level with the earlier. The fervour of youth is out of them ; they do not convey that thrill so unmistakeably present in *LOCKSLEY HALL*, and felt even in the colder beauty of *CENONE*.

*CENONE* is a good example of those poems about whose survival one would be doubtful. It is a masterpiece of a master in description, and it formulated, perhaps for the first time, Tennyson's characteristic creed in ethics ; but it will hardly stir another age to enthusiasm. Descriptive poetry is more apt than any other to pall on the reader. *THE LOTUS EATERS* will survive, not for the magnificent opening stanzas, but for the song of those who crave for rest, who desire to put aside life's battle and drowse away into sleep under an unregarding heaven. That is dramatic expression of a mood and of a faith, or an unfaith, which humanity will always recognise. He would be a strange critic who could not feel the glory and the beauty of Tennyson's imaginary descriptions

which, like the figure-pieces of Sir Joshua Reynolds (an artist who much resembles him), impressed his own generation far more than the less gorgeous landscapes, etched in with a few swift words from actual life. Yet the latter are what posterity will value. The Memoir tells us how he kept note-books like a painter, and jotted down effects in the form of words born of the moment's sensation. Tennyson himself explains to a correspondent his procedure. "*As the water-lily starts and slides*: suggestion, water-lilies in my own pond seen on a gusty day with my own eyes. They did start and slide in the sudden puffs of wind till caught and stayed by the tithes of their own stalks, quite as true as Wordsworth's simile and more in detail." And here is a note almost at random from his journal of 1846. "Early next morning off by rail to Kehl, confusion about the two railways, douane, stop and see Cathedral, nave magnificent, rail to Basle, Three Kings, *green swift Rhine roaring against the piers*, Swiss fountain." Always going about the world with the keenest observation, always by unconscious habit translating the impression into words, Tennyson acquired an inner vision not less distinct than any painter's, and the most miraculous skill in selecting the precise word or form of words to render it; and so he attained to those sudden descriptive touches which flash a whole scene on the consciousness. Never in all his life did he show a more magical instance of this skill than in the second stanza of *CROSSING THE BAR*,—the lines which he bade his son set at the end of every edition of his poems for a crowning utterance:—

Sunset and evening star,  
And one clear call for me!  
And may there be no moaning of the bar,  
When I put out to sea.

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*But such a tide as moving seems asleep,  
Too full for sound and foam,  
When that which drew from out the  
boundless deep  
Turns again home.*

There you have a picture which no painter could render on canvas, for it is given alike to eye, ear, and mind. You see the gentle, resistless motion of the tide, you hear the hush as it sweeps by,—the silence when sound is looked for, the silence that one can say is heard; and you see the significance of that familiar strangeness. But there is no use in speaking of these stanzas; they are beyond all praise; the movement of the verse, the perfect suggestion and severe restraint of the imagery, and the majesty of the thought make them unforgettable. They are characteristic of all that is best in Tennyson: they have the beauty of metre, the beauty of description, and the elevation of thought which are the things common to all his work; and they have above and beyond all these the touch of magic which transforms admirable verse into great poetry.

There are of course judges who consider that apart from style, apart from his eye for nature, apart even from the lyrical inspiration, which is constant in no poet, Tennyson has a truer and more abiding greatness as a thinker. I cannot feel this. His intellectual reach is not sufficient to keep him living. *THE TWO VOICES* will scarcely retain its significance for a second generation; and even *IN MEMORIAM* will hardly go down to posterity's apprehension as a coherent whole. There are single poems in it, the utterances of single moods, blent, as Tennyson knew how to blend them, with a setting of landscape, that can scarcely be less eloquent to the future than to us. But the framework of thought, the answer to the questions of a generation, will scarcely

reach our sons. Tennyson was above all a mystic, preoccupied with that life which the senses get no grasp on, and in all ages there will be mystics to read him. But it is flesh and blood which will always appeal to humanity at large, not dreams or shadows. If one sums up the results of his life's thinking, it would seem that he rather pondered than thought. His was a brooding mind; it rolled thoughts and grouped them into great cloud masses, threw wonderful lights and splendours on them, but it did not pierce the clouds. It was not a trenchant intellect like Browning's; he never arrived clearly at separating the known from the unknown. Yet from his ponderings he arrived at a faith so unshakeable, and a morality so noble, that one questions if after all to future generations the best work of his old age may not outweigh that of his youth. If one thinks of poems like *THE PALACE OF ART*, *A DREAM OF FAIR WOMEN*, *THE SLEEPING BEAUTY*, what is clear is their extraordinary sensuous beauty, their feeling for loveliness of form and colour, their rendering that beauty in an equal beauty of sound and phrase. But when you set them beside *CROSSING THE BAR*, or the stanzas, scarcely less fine, of address to Lord Dufferin, they seem to grow unreal beside the majestic sincerity of that later utterance, the accent as of one who sees from a great height with full certainty of vision. "You praise the work," said Coleridge, "but you do not reflect how much greater is the man than his work"; a strange utterance

to come from Coleridge. No man's work ever expressed him more completely than Tennyson's, yet is not the whole man to be found rather in the later work than the earlier. Two elements are dominant in his poetry, the sensuous and the mystical; the sensuous rather in his earlier poems, the mystical in his later. Which will have the more abiding interest? Time alone can decide. This much seems clear to me; that no single poem of Tennyson's can stand beside *ADONIS* or *THE RHYME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER*; that perhaps the *ODE TO A NIGHTINGALE*, and the *ODE ON INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY* are greater, if one can measure greatness, than anything of his; yet that posterity will class him with Shelley and Coleridge, Keats and Wordsworth, and that in all times there will be some to rank him on a level with any of the four. Byron and Scott scarcely enter into the comparison; yet some of Tennyson's songs have a kindred quality with Scott's, and there is no higher praise than this; while *MAUD* outdoes Byron in what Byron's contemporaries accounted his surest ground. But these comparisons are futile. We know that a great poet has lived among us; we can reflect with pleasure that he lacked nothing of due honour; and this *Memoir* comes most welcome to tell us of him as he was to those who saw him nearest, a figure Olympian in dignity, a nature loyal and lovable, heart, brain, body well matched, a true king among men.

STEPHEN GWYNN.



AMERICAN DIPLOMACY.<sup>1</sup>

BLUE-BOOKS are commonly believed to make but dull reading, *biblia a-biblia*, to borrow Lamb's phrase, books only by courtesy; and it must be granted that the belief is not unreasonable. Blue-Books, in fact, suffer from the same disease as our modern biographies, from a lack of reticence; but though the effect be the same, the cause is different. It is sheer human stupidity which impels the modern biographer to damn his dead friend's memory to all eternity in a bewildering chaos of print; but what is a crime in the biography is in the Blue-Book a virtue. The arts of selection and proportion are the very essence of biography, as indeed they are in a greater or less degree of all literature, but in the greatest of biography. But with the Blue-Book these arts have no concern; if anything go into it, all must go. It is for the Government to decide what matters of State policy shall be revealed to the vulgar eye and what be hidden from it; but when the decision has been made no compromise is possible. A Blue-Book can justify its existence only by being impartial as death and inevitable as the grave.

It is only therefore in the nature of things that these volumes of Papers presented to both Houses of Parliament by command of Her Majesty should as a rule remain unread. As books of reference no doubt they

are occasionally used: the politician studies them, of course, vicariously for the most part through his secretary; the harassed journalist, girt for his midnight race with time, sits down and calls them blessed; but the great majority of what is called the reading public, the great majority even of that small part of it which deserves the name, passes them by. Yet the philosopher, or the student of human nature, if he care to give himself these high-sounding titles, would be surprised to find how much curious and entertaining matter lies hidden in these portentous mountains of print, what strange stories, what inexplicable instances of human perversity and human frailty, far surpassing the conceits of fiction,—in a word, what a deal of good reading may be found in the Blue-Books by those who know how and where to look for it. The search is indeed apt to be laborious; and since life is short, Blue-Books many, and the age impatient of study, we have thought that to extract one of these strange stories from these neglected volumes, to strip it of the cumbrous trappings of diplomacy, and to present it in as simple and coherent a form as our pen can encompass, may be found neither a superfluous nor an ungrateful work. We have chosen the story of what is known as the Behring Sea Arbitration, partly because, while everybody knows something of it, very few, we suspect, outside the diplomatic circle, have been at the pains to master the intricacies of that amazing tale, and partly for other reasons which will be made clear, we trust, in the course of

<sup>1</sup> *Behring Sea Arbitration*: Papers presented to both Houses of Parliament by command of Her Majesty: Nos. 1, 3, 4, 6, 7, 8, March, 1893; No. 10, August, 1893; No. 1, September, 1895; No. 4, September, 1897.

our narrative. The list given in our note by no means exhausts the number of Blue-Books published on this subject during the eleven years for which it has been occupying the attention of the Governments of Great Britain and the United States of America, but it contains all that is most important for our purpose, and has needed but little supplement from other sources.

It was in the year 1886 that the trouble began, but it will be necessary to go back beyond that year to understand the source of the trouble, an excursion, however, into ancient history which need not detain us long.

Previous to the year 1799 the waters of the North Pacific Ocean, including the area of Behring Sea, or, as it was called before the Danish sailor's day, the Sea of Kamtchatka, had been freely used for purposes of navigation and trade by ships of various nations, including those of Great Britain, to whose sailors the discovery of these waters and the coasts and islands washed by them was mainly due. In that year the Russian Emperor Paul the First published a Ukase granting to the Russian-American Company for a term of twenty years certain exclusive trading-rights in these waters, as against other Russian subjects only and in no way interfering with the existing rights of foreigners. The area covered by this Ukase extended to the hunting-grounds and establishments then existing on the main coast of America from Behring Strait down to the 55th degree of north latitude, and on the Asiatic side to Japan, thus extending far beyond the limits of Behring Sea. The Ukase was in its form a purely domestic act, and was never notified to any foreign State.

The Ukase of 1799 succeeded in freeing the Russian-American Com-

pany from domestic competition, but competition from abroad, and especially from Great Britain and the United States, began seriously to affect the Company's interests. In 1821 accordingly, when the old rights had expired, the Emperor Alexander published a new Ukase which materially altered the aspect of affairs. By this decree Russia claimed exclusive rights over all the waters of the North Pacific, including the north-west coast of America, from Behring Straits southward to the 51st degree of northern latitude, together with the Aleutian and Kurile Islands and the adjacent coasts of Asia to the 45th degree. All foreigners were prohibited from landing on these coasts and islands, nor might any foreign vessel approach them within less than one hundred Italian miles,<sup>1</sup> under penalty of the confiscation of vessel and cargo. Pretensions so preposterous could not be suffered to pass unchallenged. Immediate and emphatic protest was made by the Governments of Great Britain and the United States, with the result that, after the inevitable amount of diplomatic correspondence, Russia practically withdrew her claims by the Treaty of 1824 with the United States and the Treaty of 1825 with Great Britain. It is worthy of note that only in a single instance did Russia attempt to enforce the Ukase of 1821. In the following year the United States brig Pearl was seized by the Russian sloop Apollon when on a voyage from Boston to Sitka; but on a protest from the States the vessel was at once released, and compensation paid for her arrest and detention.

The next step in the history of these transactions is reached when

<sup>1</sup> An Italian mile is the equivalent of a geographical mile, of which there are sixty to a degree.

in 1867 Russia sold Alaska to the United States for 7,200,000 dollars; and this is a most important step, for it was ostensibly on the cession of Alaska that the United States took in 1886 the action which led to the Arbitration of 1893, and it was on that cession that they based their claim to exclusive jurisdiction over the seal-fisheries in Behring Sea. For the present we will leave the discussion of their interpretation of the rights conveyed by Russia in the cession of 1867, and pass to the year 1886 when the dispute between Great Britain and the United States, which the Paris Award was fondly supposed by some sanguine spirits to have set at rest for ever, first reached an acute stage.

From the date of the cession of Alaska down to 1886, that is to say for nineteen years, the sealing-craft of various nations exercised their business in the open waters of Behring Sea unmolested by the authorities of the United States; and throughout that period no claim was made on the part of the United States to any jurisdiction over the waters of the sea beyond that included within the ordinary territorial limit of three miles from the shore-line. But during those years a new industry had arisen which was beginning seriously to threaten the profits of the Alaska Commercial Company, to whom in 1870 the Government of the United States had granted, for a term of twenty years and under certain restrictions, a lease of the territory ceded to them by Russia in 1867. Every year in the spring and early summer the seals migrate southwards from their breeding-places in Behring Sea into the open waters of the Pacific. They go in two vast herds, one following the Asiatic and the other the American coast-line, and it was along these routes that this new industry of

pelagic sealing, as it was called, was being developed, and developed to such an extent that the Alaska Company began, and certainly with good reason, to be seriously alarmed for their lawful interests. Hitherto the Company had been in a great measure able to control the market for seal-skins and practically to exercise a monopoly of sealing in the North Pacific; paying a considerable royalty to the United States' Government upon every skin, they had now to face the competition of the pelagic sealers who paid neither rent nor royalty. They appealed to the authorities at Washington, where their influence was especially powerful, and the appeal was successful. It was the practice of the pelagic sealers to follow the herds back into Behring Sea in the autumn; but now, in response to the Company's appeal, the Government of the United States instructed their revenue-cutters to prevent any vessel from sealing in any part of the sea to the eastward of the geographical limit defined in the Treaty of Cession. The Government of the United States, in short, to use a phrase once painfully familiar to European ears, ran a moist pen slick through the history of the last sixty years, and proposed to revive the preposterous Ukase of 1821 which their countrymen had been among the foremost to denounce. In that year Russia had attempted to close the Behring Sea to all vessels but those of the Russian-American Company; the United States now proposed to close it to all vessels but those of the Alaska Company.

In pursuance with these orders three British vessels, the *Carolena*, the *Thornton* and the *Onward*, were forthwith seized while fishing outside the territorial waters; the vessels were detained, the masters and mates tried before the United States District Court of Sitka, fined in a considerable

sum, and sentenced to a term of imprisonment. These events occurred in August, 1886; in October Sir Lionel Sackville West (now Lord Sackville), the British Minister at Washington, protested; in February, 1887, Mr. Bayard, the Secretary of State, wrote to our Minister announcing the discharge of the vessels and the release of the prisoners, adding that this had been done "without conclusion of any questions which may be found to be involved in these cases of seizure." The prisoners, it should be added, were released under circumstances of great hardship, being turned adrift without means of subsistence in a place many hundreds of miles from their homes. In the following April Mr. Bayard wrote to inform our Minister that regulations and instructions to the revenue-vessels of his Government were being framed, and would be communicated to him at the earliest possible date. No such communications were made, but five more vessels were illegally seized during the months of July and August, and one was warned out of the Sea. A fresh protest was made by Great Britain with the sole result that in 1889 five more British vessels were seized in the Sea and three others peremptorily ordered out of it. In 1890 one vessel was seized in Neah Bay, within the State of Washington, on charges made against her in Behring Sea during the previous year, but was released two days later. Then followed a long period of negotiation and discussion out of which painfully emerged the Treaty of Arbitration, together with a Convention, or *modus vivendi*, designed to cover the time which might elapse before the Arbitrators could pronounce their award.

The Tribunal met in Paris on the 24th of March, 1893, when the Baron de Crouel was elected President, and the counsel for the two Governments

presented their respective cases. Only the briefest summary of them can be attempted here, and of the case for the United States it would have been difficult to do even so much but for the Blue-Book, owing to the curiously complicated nature of its contentions. Some idea of these will be found in the following extract from the preface to the British Argument.<sup>1</sup>

Seldom, if ever, has such a claim been based upon such varying contentions. Seldom have the arguments supporting a claim of right been shifted so lightly from one standpoint to another. Now it is asserted as a claim of old descent from Russia; then, when it is shown that Russia neither had nor claimed to have a right at all commensurate, it becomes a claim by the United States in their own right of dominion. At one time it is a claim to a vast area of Behring Sea as territorial waters; but when the limits of territorial waters assented to by all nations are insisted on, it becomes reduced to a claim of jurisdiction on the high sea—a claim based upon a false analogy. Fur-seals are undeniably animals *feræ naturæ*, yet a claim to property therein, with all its attendant rights, is asserted, and they are gravely relegated to the same category as a herd of cattle on the plains. Then, when the impossibility of establishing property in free-swimming animals in the ocean is demonstrated, the pretension resolves itself into a general undefined claim to protect the seals in the Pacific. Finally, a vague appeal is made to the principles of the common and the civil law, to the practice of nations, the laws of natural history, and the common interests of mankind; but one looks in vain for any vindication of the unprecedented pretensions put forward upon any such principles.

It should, however, be added that in the counter-case for the United States precisely the same complaint was made against the presentation of the British case. In the elegant language peculiar to North America, but hitherto supposed to be confined,

<sup>1</sup>*Behring Sea Arbitration*; No. 4, March, 1893, p. 4.

at any rate in literature, to her novelists, Her Majesty's Government is accused of not taking "a square attitude;" it is also charged with employing tactics calculated to "destroy that equality between contesting parties which is a prime requisite of every judicial proceeding." If this be a specimen of American humour, which has, as we all know, a peculiar quality of its own, it may pass. If it is to be taken seriously, it argues a lack of the sense of the ridiculous which will go far to explain much that is otherwise unintelligible in the conduct of the United States' Government throughout the whole of this business.

Unfortunately it was found necessary to raise a far more serious objection to the United States' case than any mere confusion of claims would warrant. Many of its contentions, and many most important ones, were based upon the translations of certain Russian documents, for the most part belonging to the official records of the Russian-American Company which were handed over to the United States by Russia under the Treaty of 1867. The original documents are in the Government archives at Washington, but fac-similes of them were given in the first volume of the appendix to the United States' case. During the perusal of these documents, we are told, certain passages were observed which suggested the impression that they must have been faultily translated. The fac-similes were consequently examined by a competent Russian scholar in the employment of our Government, when a large number of errors and interpolations of a most serious kind were discovered. A few of these were apparently purposeless, but the great majority were of such a nature that they could only be accounted for on the supposition that some person had

deliberately falsified the translations in a sense favourable to the contentions of the United States. Steps were accordingly taken to obtain an independent translation by another hand, and this translation entirely confirmed the previous impression. The explanation given of this most deplorable circumstance was that the United States' Government had been deceived by a "faithless official," whose name, though no secret in London or New York, shall not be printed here, and who seems on the discovery of his villainy to have vanished into space. According to public opinion in New York the man must have been insane, as it was impossible to conceive any other motive for so outrageous a fraud; what motive the man himself may have conceived we of course can only guess at. Meanwhile the United States' Government had given notice of the withdrawal of some of the documents, and supplied revised translations of the others, which were found to be sufficiently accurate; and they further acknowledged that it would in consequence of this discovery be necessary to reconsider certain parts of their case, and to withdraw some of the evidence on which it had hitherto been based. Unfortunately they forgot to do this completely; some statements and arguments were still suffered to remain which were founded on the original mistranslations or interpolations, or depended mainly on them for support. Space fails us to give more than a single instance of this omission, but possibly it will be considered sufficient. It will be seen that the United States' Government laid great stress on their contention that the body of water known as Behring Sea is not and never has been included in the term *Pacific Ocean*. They supported their argument by a copious display of evidence taken from the maps, charts,

and writings of the early navigators and geographers, and also by a quotation from a letter addressed by the Russian Minister of Finance to the Russian-American Company on the subject of the Ukase of 1821. The letter is dated July 18th, 1822; and the quotation runs as follows.

The rules to be proposed will probably imply that it is no longer necessary to prohibit the navigation of foreign vessels for the distance mentioned in the Edict of September 4th, 1821, and that we will not claim jurisdiction over coastwise waters beyond the limits accepted by any other Maritime Power [*for the whole of our coast facing the open ocean. Over all interior waters, however, and over all waters inclosed by Russian territory such as the Sea of Okhotsk, Behring Sea, or the Sea of Kamchatka, as well as in all gulfs, bays, and estuaries within our possessions, the right to the strictest control will always be maintained*].<sup>1</sup>

When it is realised that the words printed in italics and within brackets have no existence in the original letter, but are due solely to the imagination of the "faithless official," it will be acknowledged that his insanity, if insane he was, took a curiously partial form. After this amazing specimen of Western diplomacy it seems scarcely worth while to mention that our representatives also found themselves obliged, not to protest, which would have been unseemly, but, to express their regret that it should have been thought necessary to cast so many reflections on the impartiality and competence, and even on the honesty of the British Commissioners; a course of procedure which bore a suspicious resemblance to the time-honoured advice to counsel in a bad case to abuse the plaintiff's attorney, and which, as

we shall see, was at a later stage of the proceedings to be pushed to a degree that made all Europe stare. However, when all these little obstructions were cleared away, the broad contentions of the respective Governments, stated in popular language, as the Blue-Book has it, are found to have been as follows.

1. The United States claim dominion, and the right to legislate against foreigners, in two thirds of that part of the waters of the Pacific Ocean called Behring Sea.

2. They claim a right of property in wild animals which resort for a certain season of the year only to their territory, derive no sustenance therefrom, and, during the greater part of the year, live many hundreds of miles away from that territory in the ocean.

3. They claim the right to protect that alleged right of property by search, seizure, and condemnation of the ships of other nations.

4. Failing the establishment of the right of property, they claim a right to protect the fur-seals in the ocean, and to apply, in assertion of that right, the like sanctions of search, seizure, and condemnation.

5. And lastly, failing these assertions of right, they claim that Rules shall be framed in the interests of the United States alone, which shall exclude other nations from the pursuit of fur-seals.

On the other hand Her Majesty's Government claim—

1. Freedom of the seas for the benefit of all the world.

2. That rights of property and rights in relation to property, be confined within the limits consecrated by practice, and founded on general expediency in the interests of mankind.

3. That, apart from agreement, no nation has the right to seize the vessels of another nation on the high seas in time of peace for offences against property excepting piracy.

4. That any Regulations to be established should have just and equitable regard to all interests affected.

With regard to the last claim it should be remembered that Her Majesty's Government has always

<sup>1</sup> *Behring Sea Arbitration*: Case for the United States, pp. 52-4 (No. 6, March, 1893); Counter-Case for Great Britain, pp. 4, 5 and 53-4.



been willing, as it is still willing, to co-operate with the United States in taking measures for the preservation of the fur-seal, which through the indiscriminate slaughter of the last few years, both by the pelagic sealers in the open waters and by the Alaska Company on the islands, is likely in no long time to become as rare in the North as it has now for many years been in the South Pacific. But it has never allowed, and never will allow, the claim of the United States to impose regulations on pelagic sealing to be based on a legal right; nor can it consent to co-operate in any measures designed to protect the United States alone. The question of regulations had, previous to the award of the Arbitrators, been discussed by the United States as though its only object was to exclude all the other nations of the world from a share in the fur-seal industry, while they were to be allowed to work their will on the breeding-islands, or rookeries, and in the territorial waters of Behring Sea. From this view of the case the British Government emphatically, and very naturally, dissented. The industry, it claimed, was one in which all the nations of the world have, or may have, an interest. If the existing rights of nations are to be abridged, they can justly be abridged only in the interests of all; and the United States of America must be prepared to do their part by the adoption of regulations and improved methods on the islands to preserve the fur-seals.

The award was pronounced on the 15th of August. By the sixth article of the Treaty concluded at Washington on the 29th of February, 1892, the following five questions were definitely submitted to the Arbitrators:—

1. What exclusive jurisdiction in the sea now known as the Behring Sea and

what exclusive rights in the seal fisheries therein did Russia assert and exercise prior and up to the time of the cession of Alaska to the United States?

2. How far were these claims of jurisdiction as to the seal fisheries recognised and conceded by Great Britain?

3. Was the body of water now known as the Behring Sea included in the phrase "Pacific Ocean" as used in the treaty of 1825 between Great Britain and Russia, and what rights, if any, in the Behring Sea were held and exclusively exercised by Russia after said treaty?

4. Did not all the rights of Russia as to jurisdiction and as to the seal fisheries in Behring Sea east of the water boundary in the treaty between the United States and Russia of the 30th of March, 1867, pass unimpaired to the United States under that treaty?

5. Has the United States any right, and if so what right, of protection or property in the fur-seals frequenting the islands of the United States in Behring Sea when such seals are found outside the ordinary three-mile limit?

With regard to the third question it has already been shown how the United States proposed to support their claim to separate the waters of Behring Sea from the Pacific Ocean, but it may be useful to give a further instance of the baselessness of this claim when unsupported by the imagination of the "faithless official." In 1842, while the charter of the Russian-American Company was still in existence, Etholen, the Russian Governor at Sitka, wrote to St. Petersburg to report the presence of forty foreign [that is, American] whalers in Behring Sea, and to suggest that steps should be taken to preserve this sea as a *mare clausum*. He was told, however, that this could not be done, as the Treaty of 1824 between Russia and the United States gave to American citizens the right to engage in fishing over the whole extent of the Pacific Ocean. It will thus be seen that in 1842 American citizens successfully maintained their position in Behring Sea because treaty with

Russia gave them the right to fish over the whole extent of the Pacific Ocean, and Behring Sea was a part of the Pacific Ocean; but in 1893 American citizens claimed the right to exclude all other nations from Behring Sea because their treaty with Russia had given them exclusive rights over that sea which was not a part of the Pacific Ocean. Certainly the representatives of Great Britain were not unreasonable in characterising the United States' case as somewhat complicated in its contentions.

The award was given on August 15th, and given on every point for Great Britain. As an American tersely put it at the time, the Arbitrators pronounced Mr. Blaine's history to be fiction, his geography pure fancy, and his international law a personal whim. So far as the main issues were concerned the result had been a foregone conclusion from the first. On the question of the derivative title from Russia to exclusive rights in Behring Sea, even Mr. Justice Harlan, one of the two American Arbitrators, felt himself obliged to decide against his countrymen, though his colleague, Senator Morgan, stood stoutly out for each and all of Mr. Blaine's whimsies. Indeed the chief impression left on the mind of every impartial reader of the evidence is one of unmitigated wonder that any Government could have consented to take so preposterous a case into court. It is not too much to say that the only legal ground it stood upon was the ground supplied by the vagaries of the "faithless official;" when that was gone, nothing was left.

By the seventh article of the Treaty of Arbitration the award entailed upon the Arbitrators the duty of framing such regulations as they might think necessary for the preservation of the seals outside the jurisdictional limits of the respective Governments.

That some regulations were imperatively needed was universally admitted, unless the fur-seal was to be suffered to become as extinct as the Great Auk. It was equally impossible to deny that the Alaska Company's case was originally a hard one, inasmuch as they had paid a considerable sum for a certain property which an unforeseen change of circumstances was now threatening to destroy. Her Majesty's Government had all along, as we have seen, expressed itself willing to co-operate with the Government of the United States in regulations which should be equally binding on all nations concerned in the sealing industry and equally protective of their respective interests. The United States Government, however, did not see the matter in quite the same light; their fancy turned rather to regulations which, while leaving their own untouched, should practically destroy the interests of every other nation. The Arbitrators naturally did not take this view of the situation, and framed a series of regulations in the equitable spirit suggested by the British Government, though possibly rather more stringent in some respects than it had anticipated; so stringent indeed were they that Sir John Thompson, acting on behalf of Canada, was forced to dissent from them, and thus for the first time found himself in the cold seclusion of a minority which had hitherto been exclusively enjoyed by the American Arbitrators. These regulations prohibited sealing at all times within a zone of sixty geographical miles of the Pribyloff Islands, established a close time for the fur-seal from May to July on the high seas over a wide expanse of the North Pacific and Behring Sea, and created a system of licensing under which authorised vessels only are to be permitted to engage in pelagic sealing, together with various other provisions designed to protect the un-

fortunate animal from indiscriminate slaughter. Finally it was ordained that these regulations should be reviewed every five years, and that any alterations suggested by enlarged experience should be effected by common agreement between the two Governments.

"The Governments of the United States and of Great Britain," said Baron de Courcel in his preliminary address, "have promised to accept and carry out our decision with good grace." Writing on the day after the award had been delivered THE TIMES made some observations in a similar spirit, which one reads to-day with melancholy amusement.

The people of the United States can hardly be expected to receive the findings of the arbitrators with the same contentment as ourselves, but we know our kinsmen too well to doubt for a moment that they will honestly and loyally accept the judgment of the tribunal to which they voluntarily agreed to submit their claims. It is the proud and just boast of the American people that no other nation on the globe has a more widespread and a deeper reverence for law; and that legal temper, on which so much of their greatness as a State and their prosperity as a community depend, will cause them to acquiesce without lasting soreness or ill-will in the adverse decision of a duly constituted Court. After all, it is in itself no small honour to a people to have appeared before such a tribunal at all. The reference of an international dispute to such arbitrament is itself a triumph of morality and civilisation, and it is not the least of the many claims which the British and the American branches of the great Anglo-Saxon race possess to the abiding gratitude of mankind that they have been the first peoples to employ this peaceful method of determining grave differences between their Governments. On the last historic occasion when the two countries invoked the aid of arbitrators, the judgment of the Court was hostile to Great Britain, and Great Britain accepted the award without hesitation and punctually discharged the obligations cast upon her. It is now the turn of the other great English-speaking State to show that she, too, knows how to support an unfavourable verdict with dignity and good humour.

We are confident that in this respect America will show the same high sense of her own dignity that England displayed a generation ago.

These agreeable anticipations were destined to be soon and rudely destroyed. It was over the delicate question of damages that the new trouble began. Originally there had of course been claims on both sides: on the part of the United States for the limits imposed by the terms of the Convention on the island-catch pending the decision of the Arbitrators; on the part of Great Britain for the seizure of certain of her vessels in Behring Sea and for prohibiting others from entering its waters. When the award had decided on which side the damages lay the amount was to be settled by negotiation between the two Governments, and by the fifth article of the Convention it was expressly stipulated that the money should be *promptly paid*. So soon therefore as the Arbitrators had pronounced in favour of Great Britain, negotiations were commenced with the result that 425,000 dollars (barely more than half of the damages claimed by Great Britain and excluding all interest) was offered in full settlement and accepted, provided that the money was paid within the year 1894. It was not paid, and early in the following year Congress resolved that it never should be paid. The great apostle of this extraordinary resolution was Mr. Morgan, one of the Arbitrators for the United States. In the Court of Arbitration the points at issue were decided by a majority of the Arbitrators, and there Mr. Morgan was powerless to do more than dissent, which he did, as has been said, with unswerving regularity in every instance. But the Court of Arbitration at Paris and the Senate at Washington were two very different places, and in the latter Mr. Morgan could carry all before him. Magnifi-

cently forgetful of the terms of the Treaty of Arbitration of 1892 and of the other Treaty of the same date known as the Convention or *Modus Vivendi*, no less than of the Award of the Court of which he had been a member, and by which the two Governments had bound themselves by the aforesaid Treaties to abide, this amazing man maintained that the United States had never agreed to arbitrate the question of their liability for damages, but only to negotiate upon it, and that the claim made by Great Britain was "based upon the false assumption that the United States were bound by the Award of the Tribunal of Arbitration, or by agreement, or by law, justice, or equity to pay any part of the demand."<sup>1</sup>

The irony of the situation is still further heightened by the frank confession of an American journal, made while the negotiations between the two Governments were proceeding, that the United States could lose little in any case, inasmuch as the cargoes of all the confiscated vessels had been sold for their full market value. From the day when Congress refused to ratify the decision of their own Government down to the present moment not one farthing of the damages awarded to Great Britain has been paid.

But this was not all. Almost simultaneously with the action of Congress the United States' Government began to press for a revision of the regulations. By the award of the Arbitrators these regulations were, as we have seen, to be revised at intervals of five years, and the time for the first revision would not therefore be reached until the autumn of 1898. But it had very soon been

discovered that these regulations, though severely hampering the British industry of pelagic sealing, did not avail altogether to destroy it, as had been confidently expected by the Americans on the publication of the award; and an immediate revision of them was therefore urged upon our Government. In the meantime another *Modus Vivendi* was proposed absolutely prohibiting all sealing within Behring Sea, and extending the existing regulations to the Asiatic shore, together with other rules equally arbitrary and unnecessary. The only reasons advanced for these drastic propositions were those which had already been used before the Arbitrators in Paris, and rejected by them; the pelagic industry, it was declared, was suicidal, and the destruction of the fur-seal imminent. Our Government naturally declined to assent to any such precipitate measures supported only by arguments which had already been refuted, and by vague assertions which were strongly suspected and subsequently discovered to be contrary to fact. Then ensued a violent outburst of invective against this country in the American Press, some part of which, with that ingenious perversion of facts in which American journalists have no masters, actually went so far as to accuse our Government of refusing to abide any longer by the Award of 1893. This, however, was of no moment; what was really serious was the petty and vexatious annoyances to which our sealers were subjected by the United States' cruisers in Behring Sea, and which at last led to a strong remonstrance from our Government on this wanton abuse of the right of search.

For upwards of two years the tire-some business dragged itself along till it culminated in Mr. Sherman's notorious despatch of last May, which is now known to have been the work of

<sup>1</sup> *Behring Sea Arbitration*: Correspondence respecting claims for compensation on account of British vessels seized in Behring Sea, pp. 30-35; No. 1, March, 1895.

a Mr. Foster, who had acted as agent for the United States at the Arbitration, and who in that capacity had already given our people some curious specimens of his epistolary style. It is difficult to know which to admire most in this remarkable document, its misuse of language or its misrepresentations of fact. At one moment we are assured that "in no respect has the United States' Government failed to observe the exact terms of the Award, or to accept its recommendations in their true spirit and full effect." At another we read: "The obligations of an international Award, which are equally imposed on both parties to its terms, cannot properly be assumed or laid aside by one of the parties at its pleasure. Such an Award which in its practical operation is binding only on one party in its obligations and burdens, and to be enjoyed mainly by the other party in its benefits, is an Award which, in the interest of public morality and good conscience should not be maintained." Our action, or want of action, during the past three years has, we are told, "practically accomplished the commercial extermination of the fur-seals and brought to nought the patient labours and well-meant conclusions of the Tribunal of Arbitration." We are gravely warned that "upon Great Britain must rest, in the public conscience of mankind, the responsibility for the embarrassment in the relations of the two nations which must result from such conduct;" and one evil result, we learn, "is already indicated in the growing conviction of our people that the refusal of the British Government to carry out the recommendations of that Tribunal will needlessly sacrifice an important interest of the United States." The proof of this conviction, it is added, "is shown by the proposition seriously made in Congress to abandon negotia-

tions and destroy the seals on the islands, as the speedy end to a dangerous controversy," though we are assured, perhaps rather superfluously, "that such a measure has not been entertained by this Department."

How is it possible to reason with such a people, to treat with them? When we find our Government accused of dishonest and unneighbourly conduct we can only shrug our shoulders; such expressions are not indeed in current use among European diplomatists, but the Americans, as we know, pride themselves on having abandoned all the effete traditions of the old world, and we must conclude that the manners customary in polite society are among these derelicts. But when we find a Government through the mouth of its principal Minister gravely accusing another Government of its own misconduct, then the imagination reels. In the extremely able and comprehensive despatch from the Colonial Office to the Foreign Office, which was printed in full by THE TIMES, on September 18th, Mr. Sherman's allegations are categorically answered; and it is there shown that all the disregard of the Award, all the misconception of the true spirit and intent of the Arbitrators, attributed to the British Government have been from first to last on the part of the Government of the United States. The assertion sounds, we are conscious, painfully like what schoolboys call a *tu quoque*, or in the vernacular of the streets, *you're another*; but a study of the last published Blue-Book will prove conclusively that it is founded on literal facts which cannot be denied and cannot be explained.<sup>1</sup> Indeed the

<sup>1</sup> Correspondence with the United States' Government respecting the Seal Fisheries in Behring Sea; presented to both Houses of Parliament by command of Her Majesty, September, 1897.



most unintelligible part of all this unintelligible tale is the extraordinary mental process by which these American Secretaries and Senators appear to have deluded themselves into a belief that our statesmen and lawyers could for a moment be persuaded into accepting arguments based upon a misrepresentation of fact and a misinterpretation of law which can be detected by any one who has learned to read.

Lord Salisbury of course acted as every English statesman, irrespective of party, would confidently be expected by his countrymen to act in such circumstances. Ignoring the impertinence, he addressed himself to the only coherent part of Mr. Sherman's despatch, and informed Mr. Hay on July 28th that Her Majesty's Government were willing to agree to a meeting of experts nominated by Great Britain, Canada, and the United States, so soon as the investigations to be made on the Pribyloff Islands during the present season should have been completed. Mr. Sherman had asked for "a conference of the interested Powers," which was not quite the same thing; but a meeting of experts nominated by the parties to the Treaty of Arbitration is in accordance with the terms of the Award, which prescribed a revision of the regulations every five years, the first of which revisions will be due after the season of 1898; and to such a meeting Lord Salisbury of course assented.

In what manner his answer was at first received in America is matter of common and recent knowledge. But according to *THE TIMES'* correspondent at New York, whose attitude throughout this controversy has been equally impartial and fearless, the mischievous influence of Mr. Foster is on the wane. Unfortunately it seems to be still powerful at Washing-

ton, if we may judge by the latest advices from New York; but the better class of his countrymen seem to have been thoroughly ashamed of the despatch of May 10th, and some reflection of this feeling is now finding its way into the more respectable sections of the American Press. The reply of the Colonial Office to the despatch of May 10th, has been published in *THE NEW YORK TRIBUNE* in full, and that also, we are told, has produced a good effect, "with its polite but convincing refutation of the mistakes on which Mr. Foster then thought fit to rest his case." In *THE NEW YORK HERALD* Americans are reminded that their Government has already acquiesced in Lord Salisbury's proposal of July 28th. To their subsequent request that Russia and Japan should be included he was unable to assent. That request may be reasonable or not, but in either case it can form no ground for asserting that Great Britain is now seeking to withdraw from the conference to which she had agreed. "She agreed," the writer goes on, "to a conference or 'meeting of experts nominated by Great Britain and Canada, and by the United States.' By that she abides. It is we who are seeking to alter and enlarge the agreement. What should we say if Great Britain proposed that France and Germany should take part in the meeting? We should say that that is a different conference from the one we had accepted. Great Britain makes the same answer when we press for the inclusion of Japan and Russia; but we do not imagine that the differences between the two Governments are incapable of adjustment." Few differences would, we apprehend, be incapable of adjustment when approached in a spirit of such sweet reasonableness.

And this brings us to the con-



clusion of the whole matter. The bitter animosity which the people of the United States of America are assumed to entertain towards this country is a frequent theme of discussion in our newspapers. Many reasons are assigned for it, with which we need not now concern ourselves; but there seems to be only one opinion as to its existence. A variety of instances, from Mr. Cleveland's message about Venezuela down to Mr. Sherman's despatch, are quoted as proof that the Americans mean mischief towards us, and are only waiting their chance to prove it. For our own part we do not share this apprehension. Nations, to be sure, love each other no more than Christians, and there are many and obvious reasons why most of the great nations of the world should cherish no particular love for England. A new nation will always of course be sensitive on points which an older nation, forgetful of its own youth, does not understand, and in which it is perhaps too apt to find something ridiculous. A sensitive American, for example, may now and again be stirred by a momentary throb of jealousy, as he reflects upon the difference between Yale and Oxford, or between the White House and Windsor Castle. But such a feeling is in itself the reverse of discreditable; at its worst it is no more serious than that which inspired little Mr. Titmouse's memorable anathema as he leaned over the railings of Rotten Row. So far as the vast majority of the people of the United States is concerned, we have never been able to believe in the existence of that bloodthirsty feeling towards us with which they are commonly credited. An amiable American not long ago assured us through the columns of *THE SPECTATOR* that the great body of his countrymen entertain no such feeling towards us; that

on the contrary, they are proud of us, and wish to see us go on and prosper (so long, of course, as we do not prosper at their expense); and that they would deplore nothing so much as a war with England, who, they fear, would be hurt by it so much more seriously than America would be. All this is very gratifying, and tends to show that, as we have always surmised, the feelings of America and England are at one on this point. The question of kinship has perhaps been too much strained. At best it is a very remote tie, even more remote than that which bound Provost Crosbie to the House of Redgauntlet; and after all, sad as it may be, kinsmen are as apt to fall out as other folk, if not indeed more apt, because less inclined to measure their speech and actions than they are when dealing with strangers. But when two great nations are confidently assured that neither could gain much from a quarrel, and both would assuredly lose much, then the question of kinship is merged in the question of common sense, and the peace is kept.

But this considerate and candid American, and those who think with him, forget one point. Englishmen are often implored by their American friends, and the request has more than once found its way into print, not to judge the nation by its politicians. The request is certainly natural. We should be sorry indeed to think that every right-minded American is not as heartily ashamed, let us say, of Mr. Cleveland's behaviour to our Minister at Washington in 1888, or of Mr. Sherman's language the other day (for Mr. Sherman must be held responsible for it), as Englishmen would be had Lord Salisbury or Lord Rosebery (we ask their pardon for our illustration) been guilty of the same misconduct. We sincerely trust that they are as much ashamed of their Parliament's

refusal to pay the money owing to us over the Paris Award, as our countrymen would have been had their Parliament refused to pay the money owing to the United States over the Geneva Award. But they forget that nations speak and act through the mouths of their officials. If a nation wishes to disclaim the conduct of its officials it must remove them from office. It may repudiate them in private, but so long as it tolerates them in public it must be held responsible for their actions. A great Minister of State speaks with the tongue and writes with the hand of his country. It is not of the conduct of this or of that individual that England has had to complain in the various cases that have been settled by arbitration between her and the United States during the last seventy years ; it is of the conduct of the United States that she has had to complain, and is now complaining. What that conduct has uniformly been has been thus ironically sketched by one of their own countrymen in reference to the present controversy : "Our diplomatic triumph is assured, as it always is, no matter what England does, no matter what the Arbitration tribunal decides, no matter what it costs us, no matter what the facts are."<sup>1</sup> And still more recently Mr. Jordan, the American Commissioner, employed by the United States to report on the condition of the seal-herds in Behring Sea, has been obliged to tell his countrymen this extremely

plain truth : "The United States have never come into any conference with clean hands." That is the humour of it. All through this century the tale has been the same. As it was in the dispute over the claims arising out of the war of 1812, in the dispute over the Maine frontier in 1831, in the Convention with Mexico in 1839 (which did not of course concern us), in the Oregon affair in 1845, in the Alabama case in 1862-72, so it is now in the Behring Sea case. And while these things are so the citizens of the great Republic must be content to bear the reproach of the men whom they suffer to represent them before the nations of the world. The Government of no other nation in the world would have tolerated for one moment what the Governments of Great Britain have complacently endured for many years from the Governments of the United States, a fact of which the United States is no doubt perfectly well assured ; it may become a question how much longer the people of Great Britain will endure it. Yet Englishmen have one reason at least to think well of the American Congress ; it has rejected the general Treaty of Arbitration which some sanguine spirits on both sides hoped to see concluded between the two countries. Such a treaty with any Power could never at the best be more than a devout imagination ; with the United States of America the experience of seventy years shows that it could only be a rank folly.

<sup>1</sup> THE NATION, September 30th, 1897.